

THE STAR OF LA ROCHELLE



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The
STAR OF LA ROCHELLE



THE BERNONS' FIRST SIGHT OF THE HILLS OF BOSTON

Painted by Nellie Pairpoint

The STAR OF LA ROCHELLE

BEING THE TRUE STORY OF
THE LIFE OF ESTHER LEROY,
WIFE OF GABRIEL BERNON

1652-1710

By

Elizabeth Nicholson White



ROBERT LEROY
Maire de Poitiers

1280

PROVIDENCE

1930

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PREFACE 1141705

HAVING been told that we are merely the meeting place of our ancestors, it may be interesting to know about this remarkable lady, who is eight generations back, therefore one of your two hundred and fifty-six direct ancestors, one of your one hundred and twenty-eight direct foremothers. We are grateful to those who helped her escape with her little children, and to all who were kind to them in Holland, England, Boston and Newport. This little book is dedicated to Samuel, Thomas, Elizabeth, Kate, John, and Richard, in the hope that they may find the qualities in her life which belong to Eternity.

Contents

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
I. Introducing Esther LeRoy.....	1
II. Introducing Gabriel Bernon.....	5
III. The Day of the Contract of Marriage.....	13
Interlude	19
IV. The New World Calls.....	21
Commerce and Trade. Jacques LeRoy.....	25
V. Quebec	29
VI. Prison	35
VII. Escape	45
VIII. Esther's Persecution	49
IX. Refugees in England.....	51
X. Boston	53
XI. The Son Gabriel.....	59
Some Letters of Interest.....	61
XII. Newport	65
XIII. Narragansett	75
XIV. Wickford	83
XV. Tragedy of the Sea.....	89
XVI. Evening	95
Afterwards	97
Notes	101
Translations	105

Chapter I

Introducing Esther LeRoy 1652

THE Stars were indeed shining brightly on the night of the 9th of September, 1652; the earth was rolling through infinite space at a terrific speed; the constellation Virgo was in the ascendancy—all omens were good for the little soul who was to start her life journey between two and three that morning. Being born on a Monday meant always “fair of the face;” being baptized on the tenth of November, at the age of two months and one day, marked her entrance into the Protestant Church.

This little star, Esther, was to rise in the east and set across the ocean on the western coast of the Atlantic. By her life and records a little more light is shed along the dark past.

La Rochelle had a peculiar heritage—its own history—to give to the little baby, as a god-mother might give a silver cup. Here is a little bit of this history, that we may understand the sort of stuff of which the Rochelais were made.

When Eleanor of Aquitaine became the wife of the English King, Henry II, La Rochelle became English property until in 1224, Louis VIII con-

quered it. Louis IX (Saint Louis) defended it, keeping it for France. After more wars, in 1360, it became English property once more by the Treaty of Bretigny. Protestantism and civil liberty flourished till 1627. (Note A.)

In 1628, Richelieu entered the town of La Rochelle, having starved the inhabitants into surrender. With seeming benevolence he distributed food to the people who were still alive. Four days later the corpses of his starved subjects having been removed from the streets, and the people's stomachs appeased so that they felt more kindly towards their benefactors, the King, Louis XIII, rode into the Town.

François LeRoy, father of this little Esther, was only seventeen at the time of the seige. Twenty-four years later at the time of the christening, he was Lord of the Poussarderie, had married Esther Moquay who brought him fine property as her dowry, and he was fairly prosperous. He could never forget the dreadful pangs of hunger that overcame his hatred and pride at receiving bread from those elegant hands of Cardinal Richelieu. Time cannot obliterate such wrongs.

This ceremony of Baptism was a very serious thing at this time. The Huguenots or Protestants were regarded as heretics by the Roman Catholics. The King and Powerful Churchmen were trying to stifle their growth and development. In spite of all this, the Minister Flang stood bravely in the Tem-

ple and baptized this tiny little girl, scarcely eight weeks old, who blinked and smiled on the World as though she were quite used to such ceremonies. Beside her proud parents stood her uncle, Helie Moquay, and her mother's cousin, Olive La Coste, as God parents.

After the ceremony they walked slowly from the Temple to the LeRoys' home which was across from the Palace. The health and happiness of the babe were toasted in rare cordials with great joy. There were no finer cordials in the world than those made in the monasteries in France, some of which were very near La Rochelle. The vineyards all around for many miles were well tendered, and the Monks knew how to make cognac, benedictine and anisette to perfection.

The two other children of LeRoys were, Helie, a boy of fine presence, tall for his age, much given to study, careful of his words; and the little prattling Marie, busy and cheerful, never still a moment.

They owed much to the careful training and teaching of their mother. Their education was founded on the Holy Bible. The name, Esther, was a Bible name, as Helie or Elias, and Marie. The children grew up adoring their mother, sharing the little duties of each day. Often they would walk to the Quay and watch the great ships being built. Along farther they could see the fishing fleets returning with their catch. Many happy hours were

spent on the beach. Here they could frolic with the de Costas, LeRoys, Uncle Gaspard's children and the Sanceans, their cousins. The plains of Maubec were part of their mother's inheritance and here in the spring were pretty wild flowers. So the years passed till they were made very sad by her illness and death. Marie took upon her young shoulders the burdens and responsibilities of the home and tried to comfort their father and fill the place of Mother to Esther, and so influenced her life till Esther reached her twenty-first year, when a certain fiery and most energetic young hero became the dominant note in her life as we shall see.

Chapter II

Introducing Gabriel Bernon

IT was Sunday morning and the Protestants in La Rochelle were gathering their families to worship at the Reformed Church on the Common. André Bernon, tall, straight, with fire in his eyes, was already walking ahead. Was he not descended from the old dukes of Burgundy! Had not his forefathers left home for the Holy Land! Was he not descended from three generations of Mayors, Raoul, Nicholas and Jean Bernon, the great Mayor of Rochelle, who had completed the Tower of the Recollets! Had not all the Rochelais freedom to govern themselves, elect their own mayor, and, what was dearer than all, the right to read their Bible, sing their hymns while they worked, and worship in their own church, under their own pastor, free from the dictates of this or that Prince of the Church who might be under Rome or Spain, according to the caprice of the Kings of Earth!

Bernon felt a forgivable pride in these thoughts, and bowed with a pleasant face, swinging low his plumed hat, as his respected friend, Francois Le-Roy, Lord of the Poussarderie, joined him and together they walked with deliberate firm steps, through the arcaded Street of the Palace.

“How does your fine son, Monsieur Bernon? Have you news of him since last I saw you?”



HOTEL DE VILLE, LA ROCHELLE, AS IT IS TO-DAY

“No news, as yet, Seigneur LeRoy. He should be back from Martinique soon. Our business need not detain him many weeks, and the boats are frequent with the profitable trade these days. I shall send him to Canada soon. Ah, there is the great opportunity for us! That vast wilderness, those few struggling French settlers who depend on our sup-

plies to keep them from death. Then, the chance to spread our religion among the savage beings, who like beasts, hunt their prey by stealth and cunning. They are like children without a mother. The power of France holds them by fear of Hell, through the Jesuits who take their sacred pictures and images into the villages. The King is their father, it is true, but we have a chance by kindness and good faith, to convert them. The fur traders have dealt treacherously with them. The garrison at Quebec has been threatened. Death and destruction lurk around the outskirts of the settlements. Gabriel is fervent to go and establish our House there. In a few years he will marry and then perhaps settle in this place. And maybe he will become Mayor—who knows!”

Sieur LeRoy did not reply. Did he not know that at this moment his lovely Esther, dark-eyed and rose-cheeked, with dark wavy hair, was holding in her Psalm Book a beloved letter from this same Gabriel! Now, when a man knows that a youth can find time to write a long, long letter to a maiden, and not have words enough left to write even a short letter to his own father, what is there left to infer?

LeRoy had much in common with André Bernon; for he belonged to the race of LeRois who had been seigneurs for generations, and did not lightly take orders from those not his equal in birth. He had known Gabriel from a child, as the estates of the Bernons were not far from his own (LeRoy's

being nearer to Dompierre) although he also lived part of the year near the plains of Maubec, then outside the old wall which surrounded the town. Many an evening he had looked at the sky, with its gorgeous colors reflected on the harbor, at the entrance of which stood the huge towers with their bridge across the Tower of the Chain, where the huge chain was kept which forbade entrance to strange ships. And the Tower of St. Nicholas, the Patron Saint of all mariners. Surely they needed his protection as well as his angels too, many times; for the Rochelais were brave and faithful, and their fishing boats went to Breton and New Breton across the Atlantic, for the marvelous fish. Beyond the Chain Tower, along the right wall, he had walked many a warm evening, and watched the moon sail over the sea toward the west, that new world where fortunes lay for some, and death for others. At the far side of the wall stood the round Lantern Tower where the huge candle was lighted to guide the sailors on dark nights.

LeRoy had watched over his beloved daughter with great care. He was truly interested in this affair with Gabriel Bernon, who was a young man of marked personality, six feet tall, with red, fiery hair, and the eyes of an eagle — nothing escaped them. He was most courtly, and well educated. His father's business brought him in contact with the great world beyond La Rochelle, so that his manners were most agreeable.

This letter which had arrived the day before, was not for any eyes but Esther's evidently, for she was not leaving it around for others to see accidentally. The deep colour rising to her cheeks when LeRoy handed her the letter, told a great deal to her father. Words were not necessary.

The two men proceeded to enter the Temple, as the Reformed Church was called, where their sons and daughters soon joined them. André was unprepared to find one there, though; Gabriel had arrived before him. He had gone to give thanks to God for his return, even before going to his home. He was a zealous Huguenot, and church came first! Therefore, before changing his traveling clothes he was on his knees, his bared head in his hands when his father beheld him. The three months' trip had been as a dream, and here he was — home! André was happy. This is as he would have Gabriel be; his religion, the keynote and the mainspring of his existence. After the service, when the psalms had been sung and the sermon over, then was the time to speak.

“My father, there is something I must tell you. It is dominating my life. It is my love for Esther LeRoy! Tell me, my father, if I may have your permission to declare my deep adoration for his daughter, to Sieur LeRoy. I can no more keep my mind on trade and figures and converting barbarians. I see my beloved everywhere before and

around me. I can no longer contain this growing love."

With his eyes shining, and frankly beseeching his respected and greatly admired parent, Gabriel stopped, beside himself with desire to rush to his adored one at once!

But such things had to be done in law and order; and oh, such patience on both sides! Gabriel was allowed to go to see his idol, accompanied by his respected father.

They went, indeed, that very afternoon. Happily the LeRois were at home. It seemed as though some irresistible attraction existed between Gabriel and Esther, for swifter than the magnet and steel they advanced to meet, but all poor Gabriel could do was to stop three feet away from his dear one, and with his right hand and hat over his fast pounding heart, and his left on the hilt of his sword, bow low as he would to a queen. Not yet could he even touch her hand! Such were the forms of etiquette of the day.

After a few formal words they walked to all outward appearances calmly and quietly across the street, into the garden of the old house built by Henry II, (the first public garden in La Rochelle, with the rows of flowers making little paths). Their faces were glowing with happiness to be near each other. The fathers sat on the balcony of the LeRoy home opposite and watched them.



LEROY BALCONY — HENRY II MANSION AND GARDEN
LA ROCHELLE

“It has come sooner than I thought, LeRoy. This morning I looked forward to some distant day; and here it is, to-day, in fact. Could you, Seigneur, look with favor on an alliance of our families?”

“And myself, also, Monsieur Bernon, I am surprised at this fervor on the part of Gabriel. I knew, myself, how I loved my daughter; but did not realize that with her deep religious nature she would inspire such mastering love in your son. I see it, though unspoken in words. One feels such a force, as much as thunder and lightning which are soon over. If I am not mistaken, these two will make united, a strong force for good and for the advance-

ment of God's Kingdom. I fear that their religion will be put to a bitter test before long. With each other to help, they may prevail. I, for my part, shall persuade my side of the family to look with favor on the alliance."

Then, having talked over a few matters of settlement, the Bernons departed—the fathers were content. But how unhappy were the lovers! So soon to be united in spirit, they must now say "Adieu" and separate.

You may be sure Gabriel did not allow the grass to grow again before the contract was made. It was no difficult task to get the approval of the sisters, Marie, Suzanne, and Eve, who loved him dearly and who knew the lovely Esther from her childhood. Also, their husbands, the Sieurs Benjamin Faneuil, Paul de Pont, and Pierre Sanceau, were highly pleased. His brothers, Andrew and Jaques, associated with their father and Gabriel in business, were not hard to persuade. But it took some arguing with Leonard, Sieur of Bernonville, who had hoped to reclaim Gabriel to the Roman Church. His uncle was greatly opposed to anything that would strengthen the Protestant cause, as was also his brother Samuel, who never gave up hope of reclaiming him from his Protestantism. There was much heartache and sad feeling over the religion, for even his brothers were inclined to favor the return to the Roman Church as being the end of further turmoil, both political and religious.

Chapter III

The Day of the Contract of Marriage August 23, 1673

MARIE LEROY was struggling with many thoughts. Since the death of her mother she had taken her place in managing her father's home, and in helping him in his affairs. Their mother, Esther Moquay, had left her daughters possessions and jewels and many things which had to be carefully divided and noted. Elie, their older brother, was married and had his own affairs as well as his wife's to manage. Marie was very different from Esther, who was always reading and dreaming! Would she never awaken to the fact that she, Marie, was always too busy to read and dream away the days? And as for the "*petit-point!*" How could her sister sit for hours, all bent over her worsteds and evolve such fanciful pieces when there were the wines to catalogue and the rents to collect and the servants to oversee. Now that there was to be a wedding, Esther seemed more away from all the realities of life than ever. Impatiently Marie spoke;

"Do you not remember that to-day your father has arranged for the royal notary, and all the relatives of Gabriel's and our own, to come to sign the

marriage contract? Get up, dear sister, there is so much to do. At least, you can gather and arrange flowers, and look your prettiest! I must plan the repast. I suppose wine and cakes with our sweet cream cheese will do. Do you think I should perhaps give them a course dinner?"

"Oh, must we eat!" exclaimed Esther. "I don't feel the need of food at all these days! It seems as though I were on wings, and miles above the earth! I can't believe that Gabriel and I are really going to be married. Such happiness frightens me. He has been to me such a wonderful friend, so fearless and fine in his dealings with our enemies. He looks at me in such a way that I am completely melted! Such love and tenderness come to me from his glance! I do hope you find such a man. I know, if you would only notice Gideon Fauré, you would be much happier, Marie dear! I am sure he loves you, and if he could see any recognition in your face, he would be too happy."

"I shall never marry," replied Marie. "My father needs me too much, and now that you are leaving us, he will be more lonely."

Marie busied herself about the bed-chamber while Esther dressed slowly, arranging her hair in coils, with a parting showing her fair brow, smooth as marble, with no sign of a care. Her eyebrows were like delicate crayon strokes, slightly arched over the luminous dark brown eyes which looked upon the world with all kindliness. Her high color

and ruddy lips bespoke health and a good life. If her chin was firm, it was not aggressive, and her shoulders were superb. When she stood, her height was taller than the average, but well proportioned.

There was a feeling of sadness while the sisters looked over their mother's treasures and realized that they must choose their own from them. There were no gorgeous jewels, but trinkets, laces and brocades mostly, treasured belongings that their grandmother had left their mother besides jewelry of her own. A gold chain, a painted brooch, a ring with tiny pearls, lovely coral ear-rings and chains, gold filigree from Italy. For now and then, traveling vendors came from far countries and tempted the fair sex, as always, with ornaments. And if the father or husband were at home at the time, and the rents had been paid, and trade enough to have an extra lire or so, and an occasion near when a gift would be needed, why then was the time to buy.

The afternoon brought quite a stir to the LeRoy home. La Rochelle was at its loveliest, and the flowers were scenting the air. Over the door a red rose vine was in full bloom and the pear trees so primly growing along the side of the house were regularly branched with young fruit growing promisingly.

Esther was seated beside her father in the salon, waiting for the hour when Gabriel should again be near her. Her father, whose hair was white and whose face was adorned with a trim white beard

after the fashion of the Protestant King, Henry IV, was resting and thinking of what lay in the future for his dear daughter. He had carefully gone over and over the contract with his son Elie, who had much learning in legal matters, having been formerly a *presidial* or judge. André Bernon had been most just and generous; that was off his mind. He sat beside the table where the contract was to be signed. The Bible chest where the precious Huguenot Bible and Psalm Book and Hymnals were carefully kept, was rather new. He was very proud of it. It had been sent from Flanders and was of Flemish oak richly carved. That wonderful treasure, the "Book of Book's," could not have too fine a chest, he felt. Outside Rochelle, in Poitiers, where his people had come from, so that they might live in a place where one was allowed to read and ponder on its wonders, things were very different. Poitiers was full of Churches and Convents under the strictest of Roman influence. The cock of St. Peter's surmounted the spires of twenty churches. The LeRoys had been mayors here, in 1280, in 1482, 1558 and 1662. At present Jean LeRoy, doctor of law, esquire, was mayor and a Romanist. As a result of Calvin's visit to Poitiers, the LeRoys who became his followers came to the region of La Rochelle where they were allowed to worship in their own fashion. The women of Poitiers were famous for their erect bearing and beauty. Esther never had looked handsomer to her father than to-day. While

Marie fluttered about like a bird, here and there and everywhere, this loved daughter sat silently beside her old father, with her hand clasped in his and her eyes large with very deep thoughts, looking steadfastly before her. Perhaps she had a vision of the long voyage ahead of her with her dear Gabriel — out across that golden sea, where the great sun sank down night after night, where lay that savage wilderness of the New World. (Note p. 103)

The first to disturb these thoughts and recall them to the present was the arrival of Gabriel with his father and two brothers, André and Jacques, followed by his sisters and their dignified, courteous husbands. Marie and Benjamin Faneul, Suzanne and Paul du Pont, Eve and Pierre Sanceau. Sieur Heley LeRoy and his wife Francoise Magnier, came next, with some pomp (for one has to be rather awe-inspiring if one is a Judge and in Parliament.) And finally Uncle Gaspard LeRoy appeared with his grand-nephew Jacques Thomas, and Leonard Bernon, Sieur of Bernonville, with the marriage contract. There were polite and happy greetings. The musical voices of the sisters and cousins had become quite a babel of sound. The signing took place after each had read dutifully the legal document.

Gabriel and Esther were standing beside each other, their hands clasped. Now and then a word broke their silence, but mostly it was the chatter of the relatives. They had too much to say that was

for no other ears than their own: cherished plans and hopes. All were to be guided and counceled by the fathers.

If this story starts at the point where most stories end—"and they were married and lived happily ever after"—it is because from here on begins the real romance of most French girls' lives. Trained in the arts of home, and in all that goes to make a woman whom men could *live* with, at marriage they are set free from the restraint and seemingly narrow existence and, as we shall see, were allowed to show of what stuff they were formed and had become.



From Marriage Contract Record from Poitiers

Interlude

Little did they realize the vagaries of life and the trials of faith to be shown them both. But first, for a time, there were to be happy days and years of peace, when the home was being made livable. And then the arrival of those adored children, the little Gabriel, Marie and Esther.

There is nothing more joyful than the reunion of a family! When after months of absence Gabriel would again return from some sea voyage and find his Esther surrounded by the three little ones, so wild with joy to embrace their tall father, his happiness would seem to burst his ribs with the expanding of his heart at sight of the innocent lovely faces made so bright at sight of him!

Then he would sit down in the cool of the day, and the little ones would climb upon his lap and beg for stories. Gabriel, the little son, was eager to hear of the dangers and storms. He would pretend that he was captain of a ship and strut about with high chest giving orders. The Psalm of the Good Shepherd was a favorite one and often they would chant it together before the children were put to bed. The Good Shepherd was to lead them farther than they knew—through many trials.



JEAN GUITON
BRONZE STATUE AT LA ROCHELLE

Chapter IV

The New World Calls

March 7, 1682

SO things continued for a few years. The house became too small; they bought from Marie and Gideon Faure a large home, with more garden and vineyards and places for keeping the wine, at Chagnuillet. This was part of their inheritance.

For Marie had taken Esther's counsel to her heart, and had finally married. Her husband, Sieur Faure, Esquire of Chiron, was a man of property, and although their life together was short, Marie was at this time happier than she had ever dreamed of being.

Before he had died, Francois LeRoy had called Gabriel one day to his bedside.

"I am old, now, my son, and have seen many things. You must remember that I knew Jean Guiton, our hero Mayor. His example in the days of our great trial, when Richelieu besieged our city and camped his men outside our walls, to starve us into submission, is still vivid in my memory. I recall how he, Jean Guiton, standing in the Council Room in the Hotel de Ville, took his dagger and twice struck it into the marble table before him,



A STREET IN CHAGNUILLET — WALLED ESTATES

Photographed by Thomas Nicholson White

saying, "Thus will I do to the heart of the man who speaks of surrender!" This was the spirit which Richelieu had to starve before he could conquer. You have, yourself, doubtless seen the two scars in the marble table. Though we be oppressed and imprisoned, and committed to the galleys, it cannot quench our spirit, which nothing can kill. You must carry on. The new world lies before you. I rely on you to take my darling Esther to that far country as soon as it is safe for one of her tender upbringing to live in those wilds."

These words made a deep impression on Gabriel. He did not forget them. Later, his own father, established in his uprightness, and unbent by his persecution, though bowed in heart by the loss of many of his friends, talked on the same subject.

“You must know, Gabriel, how much and for how long I have planned to have our faith and interests among the great expanse of the New France. You must know also how reasonable it would be, now that our house is allied with LeRoy’s, to help his interests in that unspoiled country, since his cousin was Marguerite LeRoy, the wife of Champlain, who first opened up and founded Quebec. I know that the enemies of our Reformed Church are in power there, but I hope that you can feel the call strong enough to leave us for a time and establish yourself in Quebec. I would like you to go for a year, live your life there, and get as far as you can in our faith and trade. Since that wolf, Richelieu, has hounded us by his persecutions, I feel that our interests should spread abroad. I feel the day will come when I shall not be here, when the rights of our city shall be greatly restricted and we, ourselves, exiled from home. I want to leave with the feeling that all our labor has not been in vain. It is a great field for a fight. The savages are there, the Jesuits are there, and why should the Protestant cause be behind? You, my son, are, above all, a religious man. Go, in faith, and see if in that New France we cannot establish a Free Church. Such goods as you can sell or trade, should support you and give you means of getting acquainted with the settlers and savages.

This brought consternation and a sinking heart

to Esther. Preparations for the voyage were made quickly and, as ships were frequently leaving for that new enterprise, the conquest of the wilderness, to take troops and merchant supplies, Gabriel found no difficulty in leaving France.

The day came to say "Farewell." With his bags and chests packed, Gabriel stood with his hat in his hand and stooping, kissed his little ones "Good-bye." How could he leave his children and Esther? Foreboding came to him as he clasped them to his breast. "Remember, Beloved, I go for His kingdom. The great ocean, with its days and days of restless waters, cannot wash away the vision of you and our children. The dark forests and wild savages cannot hold me back from you. Sing our songs to the children so that they may sing a joyful psalm with me when I return. I am always yours, my Esther, Adieu."

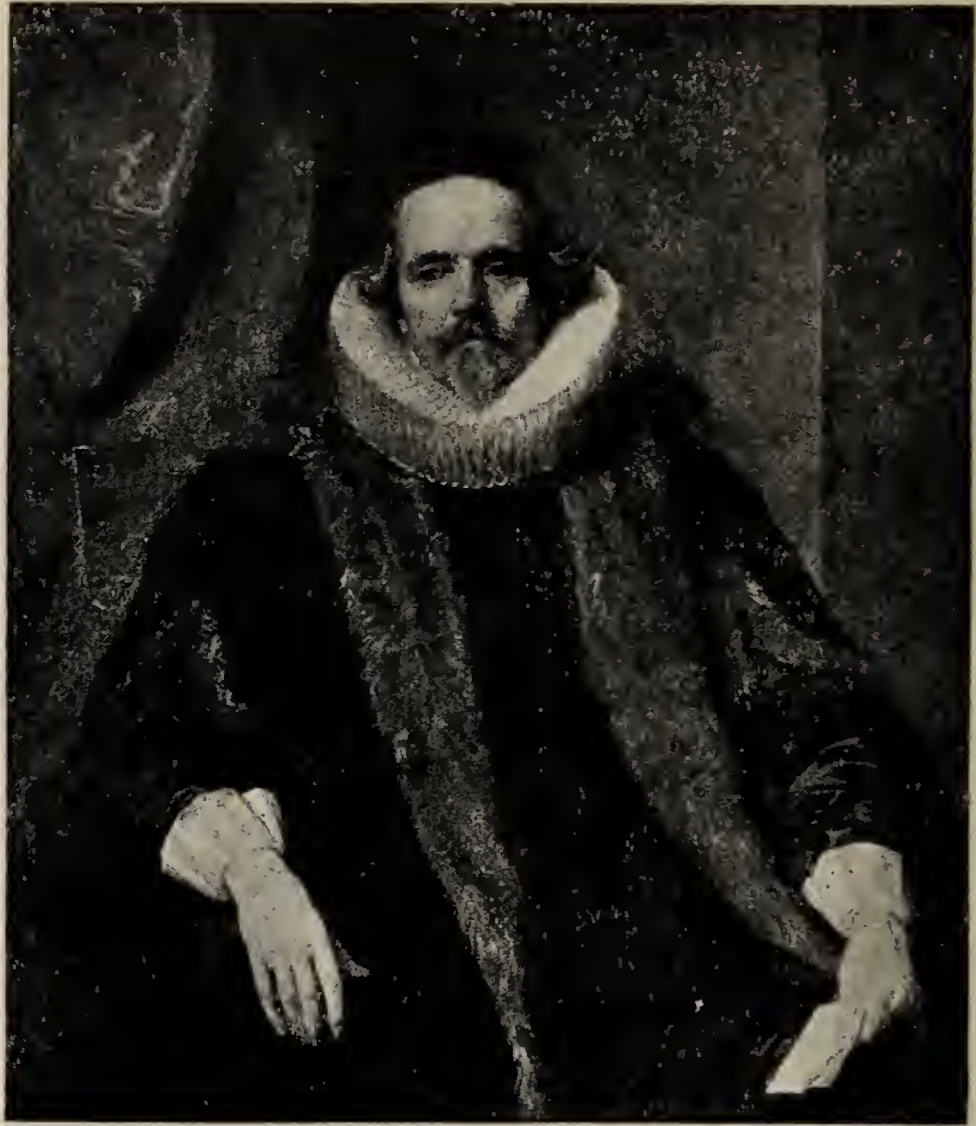
She did not weep. Her brave smile was like wine to him as she replied, "In truth, they shall sing to their father. We shall commence this very day to live for your return." And watching him depart, with cheerful waving and "Adieu, my father," from the small voices, the new chapter in their lives began once more.

Introducing Jacques LeRoy.

Commerce and Trade

At Brabant there existed, in those days, a Chamber of Commerce. The waters were the highways, and trade was the livelihood of the day for peaceful men as well as for warlike, piratical men.

Not long before Jacque LeRoy, Seigneur d'Herbais, was the President of this Chamber of Commerce. He was a just and kindly man of great refinement and far-seeing mind. He visioned the great New World as a place where all men might pursue their peaceful trades, their religion, free from persecution, where his fellow countrymen might have a chance to help construct a new country. There were many men of like vision, and this is what carried the wives and little ones over that great ocean to the wilderness filled with wolves and savages. Dreadful tales had come back to Europe of the tragedies of that wilderness. The accounts of the Jesuit priests, who had returned so maimed and disfigured from the torments endured, had sent cold chills and shudders over the listeners. The dreadful tales of the slaughtered and tortured Indians had been painted in more glorious words. Men like Jacques LeRoy hoped for better accord. Less extremes of conduct on the side of the traders, fair dealing, keeping of contracts, and most upright dealings with these Indians to win their respect and



JACQUE LEROY

Van Dyke

NOTE B

confidence. Such was the policy of the sober thinking French. There was great wealth there in the furs and the fisheries. The simple Indians would gladly trade their season's pelts for warm blankets or coats, or bright buttons, mirrors, and beads for their squaws and themselves also. They adored orna-

ments and firearms which would frighten a whole tribe into the wilderness by the noise and bluster! These finally became the most coveted, with the fire water which warmed them so miraculously in a moment on those cold freezing winter days. The traders could take all their furs for these—and welcome—at the time.

Too soon the waving field of corn, that marvelous food which made all the difference in a race of people—being corn fed—was to be changed to that enemy of the race, the corn drunk people. It was the Europeans who brought these destructive elements to their shores. Gin, rum, whiskey, all made from the apparently good products, sugar, molasses, corn, potatoes! Later their sense of injustice at the mean advantage taken of their ignorance, returned these dangerous weapons on the heads of the settlers and traders.

There is nothing like hunger and cold to turn men into wolves. In every nation's dark and hungry days there are deeds too dreadful to mention. We know that cutting out the heart and eating it was a special diet of the old Vikings. That most civilized men turn to dog meat and shoe leather before starving. We read of savages eating human flesh of captives, when crazed with victory, after starving through their fights. The Europeans, it is true, brought their missionaries who told the Indians, as they sat about their fires, of the love of the Great Father, the Great Spirit, and the Brotherhood of

Man; about the parable of the corn, about the Creation of the Flood and many other stories from the Bible which they adopted as their own folk lore. But alas! The traders and the governments did not live their religion. They were first and foremost in search of wealth and fortunes. Many came to America in hope of being Lords and Princes and eventually possessing huge estates. They took their chances and also took every advantage. Some succeeded, many failed.

Between the English and French, the Indians dealt as seemed to them best. Sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. Till they finally in Rhode Island united to kill all the white men, women and children and burn their homes. They felt the belt tightening around their own lives and thought to save themselves by striking first. This was in 1676. Thanks to the valiant soldiers who defended the colony, we are here. There were certain men to be spared from the slaughter. Their good friend Roger Williams, also Captain Thomas Willett and Captain John Brown "for their kindness." It would seem as though they might have spent more time and thought on the Art of Being Kind to one another, even in Commerce and Trade.

Chapter V

Quebec

1685

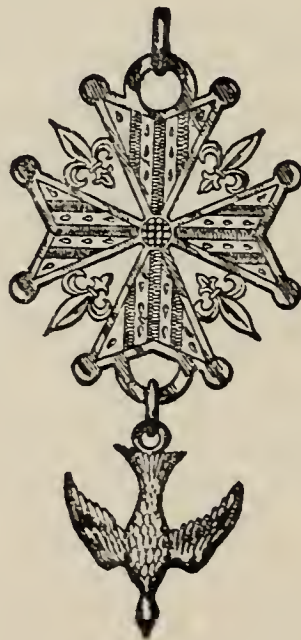
THOSE were days when a man's soul was not quite his own in many lands. With a word, a priest could commit one to eternal damnation; but not so with all of these Protestants; they would not believe it possible that one could become through fear a cringing Beggar of a Tyrant God. Gabriel knew more than he would tell of the many ways there were to make the "unbelievers" become converted through terror. He was not afraid; that is all.

He found his companions on the long voyage more or less friendly. There is something inspiring about a sea voyage. The first day his natural pride and reserve, with his own thoughts and plans, kept him apart; but where there are minds of like quality, they are bound to gravitate sooner or later to a common group; and so it was that when Sunday came he found four or five of his own faith and they sang together a psalm and a hymn. Of course the group was then marked for the rest of the voyage. No Romanists at that date ever did such a thing; they were forbidden to. All acts of worship had to be done by the priests; the people would be sacre-

ligious in their familiar ways; but the Huguenots would sing their psalms.

When, after weeks of sailing, the ship came up the St. Lawrence River and dropped anchor before the Gibraltar rock of America, Quebec, with its settlement and fort on its summit, Gabriel looked long and sadly at the forbidding rock. It reminded him of St. Peter, Rome, crucifixions and very sad events. The cross on the Convent, the cross on the Church. A very stronghold of his enemies, who should be his friends.

They might have their cross; he too, had his. The cross of the Huguenots, the *fleur de lys* between the arms, and the dove of the Holy Spirit suspended below!



There was no difficulty in his landing. Had he not brought goods and necessities and money? Everyone was welcomed whole-heartedly by the lean, hungry looking people. Fish is not fattening, neither is wild meat. Acorn meal is not agreeable to all palates. Maize they could get, if the savages were not on the warpath, but bread and butter were dainties beyond them.

It being spring, hope was in the hearts and thoughts of the people.

From time to time, Indians with their pelts would come to Quebec to trade for blankets, knives, mirrors, bright buttons, even beads, as they chose. The fur trade which was the means of bringing the savages in peaceful contact with the French settlers, was most profitable. There were many things necessary besides the product of the wilderness, to ensure the continuance of the settlement. Many traders from France were there and many Jesuits. The most thrilling and courageous stories are told of their superhuman efforts to spread the Christian teachings among the savages. They were the ones who many times suffered for the acts of injustice of greedy, unscrupulous traders. They had, through years of study and self-denial and development of zeal, reached a point of fanaticism, and longed for suffering and affliction. They heartily despised the Huguenots for many reasons, principally for their lack of observance of the code of church manners, and chiefly because the Huguenots held not the

slightest fear or subjection to the Roman Church, and refused to believe they were everlastingly doomed. They would sing their psalms even in the wilderness, and would read their Bible themselves, therefore lacking proper respect in the eyes of the Church of Rome, who held the Book of Books to be too sacred for common hands.

As winter approached, the provisions for the hard, cruel weather being scarcely sufficient for the garrison with its nuns and priests and settlers, the powers decreed that all Huguenots should be sent back to France for the season, and Gabriel found himself, after all his pains, compelled to leave with the others.

Bernon's life in Quebec was observed with much interest for his energy and enthusiasm were constructive but his religious views which he could not nor would not hide were so distasteful that altho Marquis de Denonville, Governor of Canada, liked him very much he was thought to be too strong to be allowed to stay. As he sat in his cabin one day while making up his accounts, as was his custom, before going out to interview some Indians in regard to purchasing some beaver skins, he was interrupted by a knock.

"Come in," he said.

A tall gaunt man in dress of a Jesuit entered and very politely addressed him—"Sieur Bernon, the Holy Father is much concerned that you persist in remaining an enemy of the True Church. Could we

not talk these things over and win you back. Such a man as yourself we need here."

Rising from his chair Bernon, with flushed face and clear voice, faced his visitor—"Never! while there is life in my body, sir!"

"Then, *Sieur Bernon*, I have to inform you the decision has been made that in order to have provisions enough for the faithful, for this coming winter, all enemies of our faith must return at once to France."

Bernon's face grew pale! "I trust you will give me the money due me for the goods you have received of me."

"We shall see to that later," replied the Jesuit. Gathering his cloak around him he left the cabin.

Denonville wrote concerning Bernon, that he was one of their chief merchants in Quebec, and it was a great pity he could not be converted—that much money was owed him.



MOONLIGHT — LA ROCHELLE
TOWER OF THE CHAIN TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS

Chapter VI

Prison

1685

1141705

IT was a stormy and discouraging voyage back, across that wide Atlantic to France. With a heavy heart Gabriel gathered his travel-stained belongings, and made ready to go ashore with the others, as they neared the port of La Rochelle.

The prospect of seeing his family was remote, for the feeling had grown against the Huguenots. Prison-bars were awaiting many, and worse still, the galleys! Elie Neau, the noblest of men, had been condemned to the galleys just before Gabriel's departure. Hundreds were chained with common criminals to the oars of Louis XIV's ships. He, luxurious and vain monarch, knew of their fate and approved, but he was so protected from every sight of suffering that he could not have imagined all the pain and anguish of body and soul that his subject slaves were bearing. (Note C.)

The tall candle was lighted in the Lantern Tower as the ship came to anchor in the outer harbor of La Rochelle. It made great shadows all about the foot of the rugged round tower. The tiny slits of windows were not to be seen, so dark was the tower



THE LANTERN TOWER
HOUSES BUILT ON THE WALL

itself under the great candle. Very ominous it appeared.

A voice from a small boat came through the darkness and demanded if there were Huguenots aboard. The commander shouted back the question, "Who are you?" and "By what authority do you ask?" "In the name of the King," was the reply. "Come on and see for yourself." In another moment the oars sounded, splashing water nearer and nearer, and several cloaked figures climbed the rope ladder and sprang on the deck. They carried a lantern and swords in their hands as they searched the ship, and as quickly returned to their boats, with struggling prisoners. Of course, they had been notified to look for Bernon. He was not the kind the Church of Rome could tolerate, and her servants owed much money to him. So he was destined to go to prison, even before he had left Canada. He was able to write a short letter to Esther and slip it into the hand of the cabin-boy, with a piece of gold, unnoticed in the dark. Not a word was spoken other than, "What is your name?" and the proud and firm reply, "Gabriel Bernon."

As Gabriel was a person of importance, he could not be dropped overboard, but must be put in prison and have a trial in time. But for what? Political affairs. The Lantern Tower was the prison used for political prisoners, and there he could languish and await the pleasure of his enemies. But it must all go properly, for the LeRoys and Bernons were influen-

tial families and had relatives, many of them rich Romanists who must not be offended.

If we could to-day imagine the prisons of the old days, we would be ill! It is told that even to bring the prisoners who were put in jail in England for religious differences into the court-room, produced jail fever! There was seldom known to be charity or kindness shown to a prisoner. Stone walls three or four feet thick with slits as windows letting in a beam of sunlight at a certain hour of the day, kept in all the dampness and moldiness. Here Gabriel was securely locked and bound and bolted in for an indefinite period.

The little crumpled note came into Esther's hands as soon as the cabin-boy could get it to her. But not before two days, at that, for he must do



ENTRANCE TO BERNON ESTATE

Photographed by Thomas Nicholson White

some cleaning up of the cabins before he could go ashore and it was not easy to find the house, as it was outside the walls of Rochelle. He walked for an hour south of the town on the road to Dompierre, and found the Manor, with the gates closed. After ringing and waiting a rosey-cheeked maid appeared wearing the muslin cap of the peasants of St. Onge.

Yes, her mistress was at home, he might come in and give the note to her himself. This was Gabriel's order! "Give this note to none but my wife!"

"Are you the wife of Sieur Gabriel Bernon, lately gone to Quebec?" he asked.

Esther, calm and yet full of terror, replied that she was happy to be that person. Only one who has had such pain can know what was taking place within her heart and mind.



BERNON HOUSE WITH FIG TREES

Photographed by Thomas Nicholson White

“Here is a note given me two evenings ago by Sieur Bernon who was taken prisoner as we arrived from Quebec. He is now in the Lantern Tower, I am told!”

Speechless and blinded with burning tears, she tried to read the letter.

“My beloved! I have failed! They have refused to pay what is owed to me, and have arranged for my arrest. Embrace my children and let my brothers know. God is more powerful than his false servants and will show a way of escape if it is His will that I may serve Him. Adieu!”

This was unsigned but apparently written, in great haste, from his soul.

After a few minutes, wrapped in her long dark cape, and hooded and gloved, Esther gave a few orders concerning the children and home, and accompanied by her young knight errant of a cabin-boy, in her chaise she drove to the Lantern Tower, over the cobbled streets of La Rochelle. Here she knocked at the heavy iron studded door of the Prison and waited trembling with a pounding heart.

The jailor, his huge keys jangling like bells sounding his approach, with a grating of bolts, grudgingly opened the door only far enough for him to see who had dared to disturb his sleep. On seeing such a lovely lady, he bowed most humbly and opened it a bit further. “Whom seek you?”

“I would speak to my husband, Sieur Gabriel Bernon.”

"Have you a permit?"

"No, if you please, I have just learned of his arrest and have not seen him since he left for Quebec."

"'Tis not allowed; but I might consider granting you five minutes, under the circumstances. But it must not be known!"

"I am sure his arrest must be a mistake, for he has done no crime!"

"He is a Protestant and prosperous. Beware, his enemies are powerful and merciless!"

The jailor opened the great door leading to the dark, damp dungeon, and there with his back to the wall, tall and dignified amid the gloom, stood her husband. Taking her in his arms, he held her close as though never again could any one part them. But she must look at his face! There was a place in her soul which had been starving for a sight of those dear features and a look of love from those flaming eyes! How strange and thin he looked. His eyes seemed to utter unspeakable things. Her faith in him grew, Gabriel could suffer!

With a few words she told him of her plan. He agreed that it might prove successful in case he could not obtain release. Before they had time for more words, the jailor growled a warning that she must go at once—he, too, feared the disapproval of the powers.

Back to her home went Esther; she must get help from her friends. She might, through her relatives,

get his release. Her brother, Elie LeRoy, would advise her. She would go in the morning to see him.

After putting the case before him, he advised her to see Gaspard LeRoy and Sieur Leonard Bernon of Bernonville. They all used their influence; but in vain. André, Bernon's oldest brother, a prosperous banker and an Elder in the Huguenot Church, called before Arnon, the governor, was threatened with utter ruin if he did not give up his religion. He said with tears, "Sir, would you damn me since it is impossible for me to believe what the religion you bid me embrace, teaches!"

Arnon replied, "I don't care whether you are damned or not, provided you obey me!" Soon after the Revocation he died and was buried at night in his own garden at Peigny. They had a dreadful way of humiliating the Huguenots in their treatment of their dead. In Caen they dragged the naked corpses through the streets and threw them in the sewers.

Companies of Cavalry were recently stationed by Arnon in the neighborhood of every place of embarkation along the shore. Orders were given to destroy the Huguenot Temple within a month; and the Protestants were ordered to destroy it themselves. This they refused to do. In five days workmen destroyed it, and they were compelled to pay the workmen. Seven to eight thousand fusileers came to La Rochelle from Bearn. Three hundred families yielded, though eight hundred stood firm. In Bordeaux 60,000 gave up their heresy, it is

claimed—"60,000 converts in Bordeaux—20,000 in Montaula" so wrote Louvois, the royal minister.

Day by day Gabriel stood the strain. One of his fellow prisoners had a prayer-book and together they sang the psalms and read the prayers. This same precious little book was given to Gabriel and when he later escaped, he took this with him and it accompanied him on his life's travels. It was so tiny (a finger's length) that it could be easily concealed and was bound in tooled leather with a silver clasp.



PRAYER BOOK GIVEN TO BERNON IN PRISON
Now in Rhode Island Historical Society. Actual size.

Drawn by Anne Crawford Allen



DUQUESNE

Drawn by Anne Crawford Allen

DUQUESNE—Illustrious Mariner—born at Dieppe 1610—
died 1688. From an old French plate

Choisey Le Roi

H B
& L.^{ie}

The splendid work done in aiding the Huguenots to escape from these intolerable conditions and in conveying them safely to Holland, England and elsewhere is deserving of our deepest gratitude.

Chapter VII

Escape

IT was finally arranged how he was to escape. Esther was to meet him in Holland with the children. Eve's husband, Pierre Sanceau, being a man after Gabriel's heart, was to help him. After the long cold winter months, Gabriel became ill and was allowed to go to his home to die. Under the loving care of Esther, instead of dying, new life came to his heart, and at the time of his supposed death he was able to be secretly carried to a ship sailing for Holland. Truly, his faith sustained him. That he should ever see his family again was only a hope. Many of his fellow sufferers were in the same plight. The hatred against them was intense. Louis XIV was determined to crush out the heresy in his kingdom and in his blindness he succeeded only in straining or filtering his subjects out of France. Four hundred thousand of them found shelter and welcome in England alone. Here, in April 15th, the third year of the reign of James II, 1687, we find Gabriel Bernon, with Peter and Benjamin Faneul, his nephews, and Benjamin Tourtellot, among those naturalized under the Royal Charter.

That dreadful night of his escape he was smug-

gled aboard ship in the darkness. So many Huguenots were leaving France that the King had companies of cavalry guarding places along the coast where the refugees might secretly embark, and if it had not been for the friendly captains, many might never have escaped.

Outside the harbor, between the land and Isle de Ré, where a ship could "lay to," many a brave man (and woman too) was secretly conveyed in small boats, even hidden in barrels, to avoid detection.

In this way the family of Pierre Jay, friends of Bernons, were helped into England. They lived near the Lantern Tower in La Rochelle. One dreadful night, André Sigourney and his wife Charlotte Pairan, when the hated dragoons had made life unendurable for them, made their escape too, from La Rochelle. These dragoons were billeted in the homes of many Huguenots to make them give up their heresy; and woe to the firm believers who refused to become Romanists! The Sigourneys decided to use strategy; so they assumed the part of cheerful, hospitable gentlefolk, and set before their unwelcome guests a rich banquet and plenty of wine, and while they were revelling, quietly slipped out of the house and were carried to the waiting vessel!

Bernon left his family in despair and made his way to Leyden in Holland. Esther hoped to be able to save her property, and as Bernon had made a careful inventory of his estates and made Sanceau

his executor, the only difficulty was in getting out of France. Gabriel was supposed to have died, and is so credited.

Sanceau was to do all in his power to help Esther and the children escape. His own family had so far escaped notice, but their turn came soon.

In the meantime the cousins, Peter LeRoy with his wife Suzanne and three little boys, Elie, John and Daniel, and their little sister Suzanne were also fortunate enough to escape. It was quite a group of children which was destined to leave Rochelle for the refuge of England. It is not hard to imagine their joy when they again saw their little French cousins in a foreign land!



LeRoy Arms



CAPITOL FROM PRIORY OF ST. LEONARD, XII CENTURY
In Museum at Tours

THE HOLY SPIRIT, FATHER, CHRIST CHILD, WITH MARY
BENEATH THE BABE AND THE OX AND ASS ABOVE

Chapter VIII

Esther's Persecution

THE bitterness against the Huguenots did not diminish. The women and children must be made to bow to the Host,—if not willingly, then there were ways to compel them. The following day, orders were given to take Esther and her children to the Convent of the Abbess of St. Leonard. There, as they refused to bow to the images, and refused to attend Mass, the zealous Sisters took upon themselves the task of gently, at first, talking about the beauties of the “True Faith,” and when this failed to soften the seeming hard hearts of the stubborn Protestants, then the Holy Sisters had recourse to mentioning, the dreadful punishments awaiting those who refused the means of grace. The fear of God’s wrath was painted before Esther and her little children in terrible and graphic ways. The children wept in fear and trembling, and would gladly have left their poor mother, if they had not loved her more than they feared the God whom the Holy Sisters were trying to picture to them. Being more familiar with God as a loving Father, and having seen their own father’s strong faith, they wept, regarding the Sisters with strange looks. After weeks of this torment, Esther, feel-

ing that Gabriel might be ill again, and not knowing any other way of escape, did what many others had done and were doing, feigned conversion. When the Holy Mother came to her one evening, wearing her stiff white linen hood and black draperies and holding her rosary in her hand, she bore that determined look which takes no defeat. She found Esther praying, meekly with head bowed, and hands clasped, her children kneeling beside her: "Father, forgive us for our hardness of heart. We acknowledge Thee and will henceforth conform ourselves to Thy true servants and bow to Thy Holy will and Church."

The Reverend Mother smiled and blessed them, and in her haste to spread the news, left the room, with the door wide open! Not waiting an instant, Esther tip-toed out, followed by her children, and was outside the convent. She was able to join other refugees from La Rochelle, and escape to England, where she found Gabriel awaiting her. Sanceau accompanied her, leaving his wife and daughter in La Rochelle, held in the convent, where they were allowed out under strict rules.

Chapter IX

Refugees in England

GRADUALLY the magnet of the New World was drawing them westward. We find that on January 5th, in the third year of the reign of James II, 1688, Esther Bernon, with her children Gabriel, Mary, Esther and James, also Paul and Gabriel de Pont, John de Coster, Pierre and Suzanne LeRoy, with children Elie, John, Daniel and Suzanne, Peter and Jean Sanceau; Abraham Tourtellot, with sons, James Thomas, James Moses, and John, all were naturalized under the Royal Patent. This same Abraham, widower with three little boys, afterwards, in 1699, married Esther's daughter Marie in New England.

The English people had been very kind to the French refugees. Gabriel was known by reputation and personally, to many influential people, as he had been there many times on his father's business. Such lovely children, and such a charming wife, commanded attention. Who could resist their sweet, gentle manners?

The condition in America was arousing greatest excitement in England. The savages were a fascinating subject of conversation. The little struggling colonies in New England were constantly harassed by the Red Man.

France was their rival in Canada, and in claiming the center of the continent, through discoveries of Champlain and La Salle, they looked with disapproval on the English traders and settlers along the Atlantic coast, and were constantly instigating the Indians and driving the settlers back through fear and terror of massacres. Therefore, the English encouraged the Huguenots to join their settlements.

In Dublin, Lord Galway, that noble Huguenot, was most kind to them. He had given Bouhareau of La Rochelle the post of secretary.

When Esther and her family arrived in London, they found quite a new city. Only twenty years before, there had been a great fire which had destroyed most of the old wooden houses with their overtopping stories. New brick houses were being built and a wonderful new church, St. Paul's. Many of their wretched countrymen were there, truly objects of pity, waiting to go to that Land of Promise, America, to New York and Carolina, where many of them were to sicken and die of fever, and to Boston where Bernon's family were to go. Isaac Bertrand De Touffeuau had gone before them to make arrangements for the settlement.

Finally, after collecting his group of refugees and a few servants, about forty persons, the voyage began on the good ship *Dolphin* under Captain Foy.

Chapter X

Boston

1689

FILLED with faith, indeed, they crossed the Atlantic in ten weeks. The food was not of the daintiest. Bread, pork, beef, peas for grownups; flour, butter, sugar and fruit for the little ones. If the weather was bad, and it was dangerous to light a fire under the great kettles, there was cheese instead of meat.

After finding a home for Esther and the children in Boston, Bernon had to leave them in charge of the good Pastor Daille and travel into the wilderness with his people to help them found their new homes.

In Boston, Lord Dudley was enthusiastic over the idea of establishing a French Colony and arranged with Bernon and Sigourney for a piece of land between Worcester and Boston. This was to be called New Oxford. Here the refugees might trade with the Indians and endeavor to convert them.

When Esther found herself among such kindly persons her heart was full of gratitude and she had a chance, those long evenings, to begin to realize what this all meant. A new life, a new chance, with

freedom to worship God without fear of further persecution. Here, as in London, two great fires had destroyed the old primitive houses of wood and thatch a few years previously, and the new houses were being built of brick. The dreadful persecutions of witches and the cruelties and final hangings of the Quakers, ending in the deliberate martyrdom of Mary Dyer, had all given place to a quiet tolerance.

The stories told of Anne Hutchinson walking with her babes to Providence, of her little Quaker niece, Hannah Scott, being imprisoned when she came from Providence; of the settling of Portsmouth, and the quiet peaceful lives and influence of these Quakers in the now growing and prosperous town of Newport, filled Esther's mind with the desire to go some day to Rhode Island.

In Boston the minister Daille and his daughter were very dear friends. The Faneuils, her nephews, were coming and going frequently. Also Eli Neau with his wife who had lived in La Rochelle, lived for a while in Boston before going to New York. They had much to tell each other of their adventures. Abraham Tourtellot decided to find a mother for his young boys and a wife for himself, and thought that Marie, Esther's oldest daughter, was just the young woman he could live with, and to whom he might intrust the happiness of his sons. So, although she was in her twenties and he nearer forty, it proved a most happy marriage.

Adam Powell, or Ap Howell had gone to Boston. Perhaps he had a vision in his mind, perhaps like many young men the lovely face of the young Esther had become a beacon for him, and he had already determined to prepare a place and home for her.

When they reached Boston, of course they must have their church. The cold Puritans were as far removed from the Huguenots as the Romanists. They had abolished all beauty in their worship. The Holy Feast at Christmas had been deemed too Popish, and done away with. Mass was a word detested and the cross abhorred. The old Latin School on State Street was secured for Sunday worship and to the scandal of the rigid Puritans the French refugees held the first Christmas feast in New England.

Several Puritans went and were regarded with very sour and hard looks of disapproval. Of course, they sang hymns too and altogether made a very happy day.

Bernon sent money for the passage of his fellow refugees who could not otherwise come to Boston. When they arrived, Esther had much to do to feed them and help house them until they could start for the new settlement at New Oxford, for such they had named it in grateful recognition of the kind treatment they had received at Oxford, England. Sigourney and Bernon were in charge of the settlement and Bertrand De Touffeu was

the Treasurer. The first thing to be done was to build a central house. The men worked mightily to dig the foundation and erect a plain, large cabin, large enough for a central hall, with a huge fireplace at one end. Then there were the small sleeping cabins to set up and a garden to be planted. Mulberry, cherry, and apple trees were set out and a little mill was started at the foot of the hill. They soon established friendly relations with the Indians and received the pelts, which they made into fine chamois. These were sold to merchants in Boston, New York, and other places to be made into hats. (Note I.)

It was some time before the women and children could leave Boston to share the dangers and hardships of the wilderness. The Indians were exorted by Mon. Carré, the pastor, to become Christians, and at first were mild and friendly, glad to get food and blankets in return for the skins of the wild animals.

Esther and the children remained in Roxbury where Esther learned the art of tapestry making, "*petit point*," and developed into a lovely maiden under her Mother's guidance. Here little Jeanne was born.

Full of grace and spirituality, which lighted their pretty young faces, they were loved even by the sad faced Puritans, although their cheerfulness was rather criticised. Laughter was rare, or levity of any kind. The French nature was seri-

ous, but had a spark of warmth and joy, that nothing could quench.

Young Gabriel, in the meantime, was engaged in trading with the settlers on the borders of New France. He adored his father, and used all the energy and faculties of his youth to the extending of their trade. (Note D.)

His father beside endeavoring to establish the French Settlement at New Oxford, after it was started, sailed back to England, in 1693, to attempt to interest the Government in establishing trade in rosin, turpentine and supplies for the British Navy. Not discouraged by this first failure, he crossed the ocean again in 1696, where he met Lord Bellemont, who was much interested, but although he gave him assistance in pleading for trade with the colonies, the Government did not see fit to do anything about it. Roger Thompson was at that time the head of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians.

Bernon told him of the settlement at New Oxford.

“Sir, these savages are like children! So eager to get warm coats against the cold and damp. They suffer terribly from hunger and cold in the dark winter nights. A love of bright colors and warm looking red coats will get much return in service from them. The dreadful fear the white women have for these savages is foolish, sir, I find them

peaceful and gentle to their friends—and glad to learn of the Great Father. If they are treacherous it is because the white men have cheated and massacred them first, and truly I myself would not wish an Indian to be wronged by me—for they are merciless in retribution and the French are using them to harass the border settlements. They tell me their blood curdling shrieks and yells frighten one stiff, before they attack. Elie Neau is converting many of these poor Indian slaves in New York as you know. Their life must be almost unbearable, treated like dogs, sleeping in small garrets, with no light and air.”

They were always interested to hear about these Indians. Gabriel was to learn of their cruelty soon enough—for in August, this same year, 1696, at his promising settlement at New Oxford, John Johnson and his three children were killed by an Indian, causing a panic. This came at the time of the Deerfield Massacre, and completely demoralized the settlement at New Oxford. This meant a great loss to Bernon. (Note E.)

Chapter XI

The Son Gabriel

WHILE the Bernons were living in Boston with Fanueil and Allaire, Gabriel was interested in trading with Pennsylvania, Virginia, England and the West Indies. He joined with young Charles De La Tour in trading in skins and furs in Nova Scotia. (Note F.)

The little Scotch settlement at Port Royal, started by Sir William Alexander and led by Kirk in 1623, which gave the name of New Scotland, Nova Scotia, to the northern boundaries of New England, had barely survived. Madame De La Tour had heroically defended the garrison against the attacking French, during her husband's absence in England. They, too, were Huguenots, who had become English subjects. Young Bernon and De La Tour were on the same ship with their own merchandise when the English saw fit to arrest De La Tour. The young De La Tour was a friend of young Bernon's. In a letter to his father Gabriel told him of the attitude toward the French refugees, which shows us how uncertain the English were about the loyalty of these new subjects.

Part of this letter written to Gabriel Bernon from Boston, December 29, 1696 (Note G):

“Finally, Sir and dear father, you will see well

the manner they employ with us and that it is impossible to live with advantage among them without having the strongest recommendations from the Governor who awaits them; they are doing the greatest injustice in the world to the people of Arcadia, for they take them under their protection and at the same time make the laws to make them die of cold and hunger. They are here, nine or ten inhabitants of Port Royal, etc., who can only obtain permission to have a merchant vessel to transport them to their families, without carrying any merchandise, supposing if they do the least thing against the interest of the English, they punish them as subjects of the King of England.

May God send us good news at the beginning of the year we are about to enter, in which I pray God to give you good and happy days. These are the prayers of him who endeavors with all his might to render himself worthy of being,

Your very humble and
very obedient servant and son,
GABRIEL BERNON

This letter was so upsetting to Esther and Gabriel that they decided to move to Newport. They were all so poor there seemed to be no way to get back the money spent on the settlement in New Oxford. Gabriel determined to attempt to make something out of his industry there, yet a little while longer. But it proved only to be like putting water into a leaky pail!

Some Letters of Interest

Valliers to G. Bernon:

D'Orange, 11 Oct., 1699

Monsieur:

I am greatly obliged to you for the address which you gave me for your son. He is worthy of such a father. His obliging manners, in no wise deviate from yours. He was not content to give all his means for us to have horses. The same day that we arrived at Milleford where we were so happy to meet him, but he wished to conduct us even to La Hauteberry. I would wish in return to find some occasion when I might render him my service as well to you. It is a truth that I pray you not to doubt, any less the fact that I am, Sir,

Your very humble and
very obedient servant,

DE LA VALLIERS

I assure here my respects to
Mme. your wife
Mlle. your daughter

Copy of Lord Bellemont to Bernon:

New York, 23 November, 1698

Mons:

I am sorry to learn that you have left New England to go to live in Rhode Island. It is news that Mr. Campbell has told me and which afflicts us much since I have the intention to show you all friendship possible when I shall arrive in Boston.

I am ashamed for not having written you sooner, but I assure you it is not on account of lack of esteem, but only for having been continually occupied by affairs of my Government. If you find yourself coming to this city to establish yourself, I will do all in my power to give you encouragement. I shall not forget the recommendation of the conte of Gallway in your favor and without compliments I am strongly disposed to reply to it, by all sorts of good offices. I shall be well pleased to see you here, as well as discourse with you on certain affairs with regard to the service of the King.

I am with true esteem and friendship,

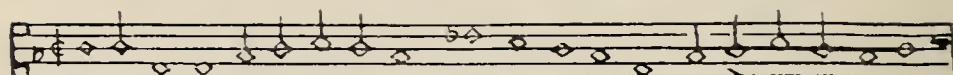
Your very humble servant,

BELLEMONT

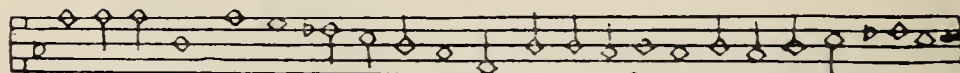
To Mons. Bernon, a
French merchant in
Rhode Island

In 1699 Bernon went to New York to see Lord Bellemont, at his request. Together they talked over plans for helping the industry of ship building for the soldiers, with the British Government. Again the Government failed to take the suggestion.

"I am doing all I can to discourage piracy. It seems as though the honest people here in New York are more hurt by this than helped! Take Captain Kidd, for instance, I defy one to know which class to put him in. He is adored by the trades people, yet I am ordered to have him captured as a pirate." Such was Lord Bellemont's dilemma. Public opinion was not clear about piracy. It had furnished much plunder and booty and developed some great heroes. The people always adore heroes—"To the victor belongs the spoils" had been the age long reward in the drudgery and slavery of the sailor and soldier.



On Dieu me pair, sous son puissance haute, C'est
mon berger de rien je n'aurai fauté,



En toit bien feur, joignait les beaux rivages, —
Coucher me faire me mène aux clare rivage,

XXIII PSALM WITH NOTES FROM BERNON'S PRAYER BOOK
Now in R. I. Historical Society

From painted sketch by Louise G. Burbank

Chapter XII

Newport

NEWPORT! If we could see it as it was then! Here, indeed, was a place of refuge for the oppressed—no ban against the despised Jews—the afflicted Quakers flourish here. Newport, on the Island of Rhode Island had been a haven for the settlers of the surrounding plantations—Providence, Warwick, Pawtuxet, and Narragansett—when King Philip had attempted to wipe out all the white settlers, and burn their homes. Its position was favorable for commerce, with its fine harbour. Most of the town centered about the West Cove, overlooking the islands. There were many sheep on the shore, and many ships coming and going to Boston, Nova Scotia, or South to the West Indies. The Barbadoes were closely tied to Newport. There, many people had plantations where they could go during the cold winters. Their plantations were worked by Indian prisoners and negro slaves. Travelling from one end of their civilized world to the other was general, for Trading was the business of the day, and the means to wealth. When we see the pictures of Governor Coddington's house, the finest in

Newport at the time, and realize that most of the houses (up to the eighteenth century) consisted of a big fireplace in a main room, with a ladder to the loft, we may be sure that they did not have many belongings to tote about as a general rule. Walking, or riding on a horse, or better still, sailing from place to place, were the only ways of travelling until the roads could be made safe for the coaches. The tiny little hair trunks and hand boxes were for land, but the sea chests made up for the meagreness, and held the linens and blankets and warm beddings.

When the Bernons left Roxbury, where they had lived with the Tourtellots, and travelled over the wilderness to Newport, they were aghast at the lawlessness in the struggling seaport. It is true that there were no wolves left on the island, no Indians to terrify them, as at New Oxford, but the contrast to a community, under the protection of their own minister, to their ordered minds, was marked. Little Jeanne was only three when she came to Newport. Esther was quite a young woman at this time—nearly twenty years old, Marie and Abraham Tourtellot and their family, and Doctor Ayrault with his family made quite a little French group. Many an evening they sang together the dear French psalms before the blazing fire, and the older ones reminisced of their younger days in their beloved France. More often they planned for the hard and important present.

No sooner had they established themselves in their new home and arranged their belongings, than Gabriel concerned himself about a proper person to have the oversight of the morals of his people and finding the Quakers ahead of the others, with a new Meeting House, he and his good friend Dr. Ayrault, discussed the situation one Sunday.

"I know that Francis Nicholson, when he came here as Governor General of New England, was much struck with the need of a minister, and had one sent from the Church of England. That was a few years ago! "And where is Mr. Nicholson now?" asked Dr. Ayrault.

"Governor Nicholson is in Williamsburg, which is now the capitol of Virginia. I hear he is living with Mr. Young there. It is wonderful how that city is developing. They planned it along the lines of the letter 'H.' Governor Nicholson has just had a narrow escape. A man beside him was shot and killed while he was on the 'Shoreham' participating in a fray."

"There is a great colonizer for you, Doctor! That man knows the whole of New England as no other Englishman does. His uncle, you know, came to Virginia some years ago, Robert was his name. Another uncle, William, had a trading post here, and Francis came over to investigate the whaling trade. He was made Lieutenant Governor of New York, then, Governor of Virginia

and Maryland, with general supervision of New England, and representing the Society for Propagation of Gospel here. For that reason we heard of his endeavors to establish the King's Chapel, in Boston, and he laid the foundation of a church here, by sending the minister, also he was patron of the church at Marblehead. He is said to be a rough man, never married as he could not get the woman of his choice in Virginia." (Note H.)

"I am glad one of our countrymen, Lord Bellemont has succeeded him in the care of these people," said the Doctor.

"Captain Paine at Conanicut has just been visited by Captain Kidd. 'Tis said Kidd has entrusted him with the safe-keeping of his gold. I hope Lord Bellemont does not antagonize Paine, for although he is a brave privateer and friend of Kidd, yet he has a high sense of honor and would help us in building a church. He represents a certain class of adventurous and brave men who are necessary to the protection of a country, and we all rely on his help. He knows it and is endeavoring to live up to the best of his conditions. As for Kidd, his success is his undoing. He is so popular with the people that the powers cannot bear it and you will see! They will hang him yet! That form of leadership could be turned to good account. But the Government is bound to stop Piracy, and he has been a Great Pirate. No doubt of that!"

"Yes, Bellemont is certainly interested to deal

fairly with us. I am going to write a petition to him asking for a minister for Newport. It is a disgrace that the Church of England is not represented in such a thriving place. We will get the leading men of our faith to sign this petition. What do you say Dr. Ayrault?" Bernon arose from his chair as he spoke and going to the table took paper and quill and drew up the petition—for, with Bernon, to think was to act, when it concerned the welfare of others.

The letter to Lord Bellemont was soon written and signed by Bernon and Ayrault. Then as soon as chance offered the names of Robert Gardner and other representative Newport men were added.

Lord Bellemont was their loyal aid in building the little Church of Trinity.

Doctor Ayrault was ever ready to help them with his medicines. There were none too many physicians in Newport. They must often minister to the home-sick and soul-sick settlers. Awful scourges had wiped out whole families. All of Judge Saffins children had died of small-pox. Scurvy was common owing to the salt fish and dried fruits and vegetables of winter diet.

Young Gabriel and young Ayrault interested themselves in trading with the Barbadoes, like the majority of young men of the time. On one of these trips, the young Frenchmen encountered many dangers—perhaps the worst was the fog which closed down upon them when they neared

Block Island and they found the safest thing to do was to anchor. On going ashore they found themselves near the great stone block house of James Sands, on top of the hill overlooking the South harbour, where a few years ago the men and women had taken refuge from the Indians. They were told of the raid made on the inhabitants, some of whom had been taken prisoners by the French, just a couple of years previous.

By the third day of waiting, the descending fog having suddenly lifted, they set sail for Newport, only twenty-five miles away, but separated by dangerous Point Judith, or Point Judea, as the older people called it. The wind had changed to a brisk Northwest, and they sailed, with some speed for those days, towards Easton's Beach until it was in full sight—the long white point of sand—then tacking West before Brenton's Point with its dangerous rocky coast,—until it was safe to point due Northeast through the narrow passage between Conanicut Island and Rhode Island, and so into the harbour of Newport, toward Coddington Point, behind whose shelter they dropped anchor.

The sight of the many sheep like snowballs on the fog-moistened green grass, was pleasing to the eye! The old stone mill of Arnold's, stood high on the hill to their right, and the many little homes crowded around the cove, looked very welcome to the mariners. The new Court House,

just finished, had cost 170 pounds, paid for in sheep, butter, etc. It was the best the times and the conditions could afford. Francis Brinley had, with others, accomplished this great feat! The new Quaker meeting house showed in the midst of the homes. Many ships were in the harbour. Whalers, very very smelly—and some ships with black ivory, or human cargo, packed in like sardines. Here and there a rough looking crew, as always in every seaport of the time, reputed to be pirates, with more pistols than was good considering the small amount of food behind those tight drawn belts. They were hungry wolves of men, most of the time with no respect for other men's property or lives. Backed up by the governments of the world in fact! For it was common knowledge that the Crown should get a tenth of the cargo seized by one nation's craft from their enemy's ships, and, as Europe was torn with conflicts, a great many ships of commerce were seized, and the goods confiscated. Not till over a hundred years later did this custom become out-lawed.

The Newporters were to be the witness, though, a few years from these days, of the dreadful spectacle of seventeen wretched pirates, dangling by their necks. These poor fellows were visited daily for three months by the Reverend Honeyman of Trinity Church, before their death. This wholesale hanging had a strong effect on piracy by private parties.

Their journey and dangers over, young Gabriel and Ayrault hastened to their homes, along the narrow streets. Esther rushed to meet her son, whose cheery whistle announced his arrival before he had reached the door of their house. The colored maid opened the door, and he was soon embraced by all the members of the family. His eyes filled with tears of joy, for he was after all but a young man, not yet thirty—and the excitement of the little sisters, Jeanne and Sarah, who jumped about and clasped his cloak to pull him down for a kiss, was genuine. No such little faces had been seen since he left Newport two months before. He pulled out some little shells and said, "Here dears, are some shells for you to make something pretty with." There were sugar, coffee, and spices for the dear mother, and strange prickly fruit—pineapple, which were a delicacy indeed. Also some cocoanuts, the milk of which was very good for the health.

While unpacking his bags he told his mother of the trip, and inquired for his father.

"Your father is often away as you know, dear son, and it is very lonely for me without him. He has such visions of accomplishing so many things! It would seem as though he had already done enough. He is now in Providence, that poor little place in the wilderness. He tells me it is to be the coming place to live in. As you know he has bought land in the Narragansett country, over the

bay. Now that you are home, will you take me across to see it? It will be an all day trip, but I would so like to see it. The view is wonderful, he says."

"Certainly, dear mother, to-morrow I must attend to my cargo with Ayrault, and then I shall be at your service. We can get some of our sailors to row us around Conanicut, if we get started early, and we had better take some provision and drink for them."

That evening was a merry one indeed. In the midst of the cheering supper, Bernon arrived from Providence, having sailed down from there with a cargo from New Oxford—many skins ready for the hatter, and the glover.

"These are the last of my skins—all that were saved that dreadful evening when the Indians frightened away our people. This is all a great blow to me, and means that I must get new business. I am going to see Mr. Updike in Wickford about a shipyard there and see if we can't get work which will mutually benefit my countrymen and myself."

"We were planning to go to see your Narragansett land, father, as my mother wishes to see the fine view from there. Could we not do it together and continue to Wickford?"

"If we had horses, yes," replied Bernon, "We could then ferry to Jamestown and ride across Conanicut, where there is a ferryman who would take

us across with our horses to Narragansett to Willetts. I know Captain Andrew Willet, who has built a watercourse and has a home there, and he would give us of his hospitality. Then we could ride over to Narrow River, where there is a bridge below Henry Gardiner's farm, continue under the high hill to near the old Training Field near by the ruins of the Jireh Bull Garrison House, which the Indians burned, and up the steep hill at the top of which we shall find my land. I seriously think of selling it to Stephen Hazard, who desires it. After resting a while and enjoying the view, we might proceed towards Wickford."

Esther was happy as only a mother can be when all her dear ones are safe under the roof and tucked in after the danger is past. The days when her husband and her son left were a constant prayer to God to protect them. There were so many dangers. Under her smile was a great care.

Chapter XIII

Narragansett

IT happend that the day was clear and the waters calm with promising winds, so they started by five o'clock in the morning, and settled themselves on their comfortable horses for a jog to John Carr's ferry, which should take them to Jamestown. This took them about an hour for the crossing. Then a brisk canter over the mile of Jamestown and out to the ferry which was on the west shore, by Fox Hill. Here they dismounted and put their horses on the float, and were soon taken across in Josiah Arnold's horse ferry, to the steep little road which led from the watercourse up towards Willett's farm. Here they found Mistress Willett much occupied in her garden. Her hop vines and grapes were requiring proper care. Her little son Francis was the first to notice the approach of the horses.

He had been lying down to rest with his ear to the ground watching the grasses blowing lazily when the thump, thump of horses hoofs announced their approach. He jumped up "Horses! Mother!" he shouted. They looked around expectantly, and there over the hill came three horses

galloping, carrying an older man in a big brown hat and close fitting brown clothes—a young man in dark blue, with flying hair, waving his hat and “Hallooing,” and a sweet older lady, with heavy flowing riding skirt of wine color, and a soft black hat with a feather blowing out from one side.

They drew up their horses and Bernon inquired for Captain Andrew Willett.

“My husband is not at home to-day, Sir. He has not returned from Boston, but I shall be most happy to give you refreshment, such as we have. Will you come into our house?”

They dismounted and the colored servant of the Willetts took the horses for shelter from the sun and flies, to the large barn, after drawing some water from the well in the garden. “Be careful not to water the horses for a little, Sambo.” cried out young Francis.

The Willett House was a large house for the times. With a west side of a stone chimney, the south faced the garden with the front door on the southwest corner. Mistress Willett had lived in Boston until a few years before, and was used to the best. Her mother had been Anne Brinley, the third wife of old Governor William Coddington. Francis Brinley, her uncle, was very much interested in developing this Narragansett country, with Wharton, Smith, Gardiner, and other men.

Captain Andrew Willett was the son of Captain Thomas Willett, who had been prominent in deal-

ing with Dutch and Indians, and had been made first English Mayor of New York.

Here the Bernons found that ease of kindliness that comes of good breeding, founded on Christianity. This grace added to even a cup of cold water makes it well worth receiving. There were luscious blackberries, elderberry wine, cheese, bread, and cold ham.

"Mr. Robinson is looking at some of our land, Mr. Bernon. It would be very pleasant if he were to come here too. I like his wife and hope they do come, it would not be so lonely. I was told that we should not be long without neighbors. The days are long enough, but of course there is much to do on a farm. I hear you are a churchman, Mr. Bernon. I hope it will not be long before we have a little church of our own over on this side of the bay."

"I am sure one is needed. I expect to go from seeing my land to interview Mr. Phillips on that subject, Mrs. Willet, and I shall be glad to tell him of your conversation."

After courteously thanking their hostess, they mounted their horses from the old stepping stone, and cantered over the fields, towards the Narrow Bridge, and over the little strip of roadway at the foot of Gardiner's farm, on south about two miles, then up by the ruined Blockhouse, by easy steps, to the top of the high ridge, Pettaquamscutt.

What a marvelous sight! What a glorious

world after all! Who would have imagined such a view after the rocky scrambling through scrubby growth on the hillside. The blue Atlantic stretched to the southeast away to the horizon, and Esther's thoughts flew over the ocean to her fair country of France!—with nothing to stop them, for in the fancy, one is freer than the birds, and space does not exist.

“This is my land, Esther, from this boundary stone, south. We shall soon see the house of Christopher Helme—a fine man.”



HELME HOUSE, TOWER HILL, WHERE ESTHER'S
DAUGHTER MADAME POWELL DIED.
HER GRAVE IS NEARBY.

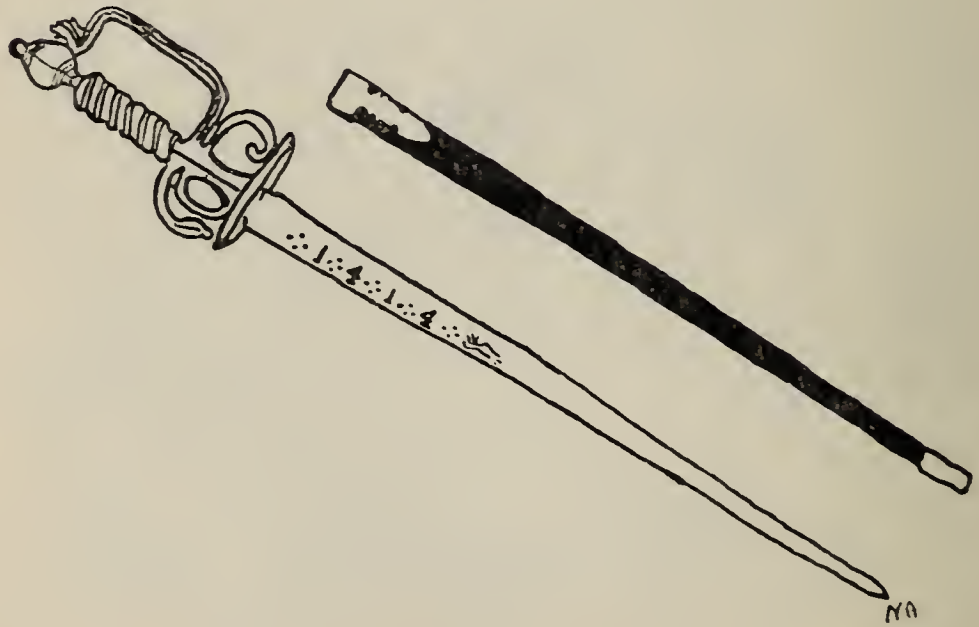
After resting and enjoying the breeze which soon cooled them, they remounted their horses and proceeded along the top of the ridge to Henry Gardiner's, where they asked if they might let their horses rest and get water to drink. Mrs. Gardiner, was the daughter of John Richmond, of Newport and Taunton. She was very much occupied with her butter making and not over courteous to French folk. However, they might at least come into her home and rest from the heat, and have some milk and cookies. Her children were delighted to see strangers. Ephriam, a lad of six, was much entertained by the riding whip, which Esther allowed him to play with.

"I hear of your fine horses, and I wish we might make trade, as ours are in need of a rest. Have you any ready for a trip, Mr. Gardiner?" Bernon was speaking to a fine looking man who had just entered the house. His keen eyes looked inquiringly at this foreigner.

"We have just been to see my new land four miles south of you. I am Gabriel Bernon, and we are on our way to see Mr. Updike, at Wickford."

"We are not so glad to see the French over here as a rule, Mr. Bernon," replied Gardiner, "We do not quite feel sure of their standing. This is King's County, and we are very loyal to our sovereign William and Mary, may God bless them, and we be ready to fight for them when and where the demand may be made!"

“I do assure you that though born in France, and French to the bone, owing to the cruel persecution of my people, and through my Protestantism, I am myself under the protection of England, and in deepest gratitude, one of your queen’s most devoted servants, ready to build and help construct the Lord’s Kingdom under her protection! Though I carry this sword, it is to protect my family from the Indians, while at my settlement, at New Oxford—it is an ancient heirloom!”



BERNON’S SWORD

Sketched by Anne Crawford Allen

Mr. Gardiner, examined its blade which, unlike his three edged Dutch blade, stiff and strong, was made of wondrous pliable white silver steel, which bore the date 1414 on it. "What means this date?" he inquired.

"That date, Sir, is when the English at Agincourt, fought the Duc d'Orleans, before France was a settled country, when my people were of the House of Burgundy, their rivals. France has been a war ridden country, and blood enough has been shed on her fair soil to sail a fleet of ships, with more to come, for her people were not made to be slaves! They will not rest long under the heels of the Orleans beasts, who beneath their soft luxury, are totally unconscious of the suffering of their most loyal subjects, and only desire to bleed our purses for their unheard of extravagances. But we must be on our way, and sir, if you could see that we might exchange our horses, if it would be agreeable to you, I would be most grateful."

Mr. Gardiner called a servant and ordered three fresh horses, and while they were being rubbed down, and resaddled, he told Bernon of his neighbors. "Mostly farmers like myself," he said, "who give a certain amount of time to keep fit for any emergency. We do not look for much trouble, but you never can tell when it might come. Now that the Indians hereabouts have been dealt with, we don't fear that horror. Our wives may now feel

safe with their little ones, while we are off in the fields. There is the whip for punishing any of the black or Indian slaves, and, sir, they need it sometimes!”

Chapter XIV

Wickford

THE Bernons continued north over the fields for six miles, until they came to Wickford. Esther, by this time was greatly fatigued, and they decided to spend the night. She went to the room prepared for her and sank on the large feather bed, quite exhausted.

Young Gabriel brought her some hot broth and succotash, a familiar dish of the season, made of corn and beans, and served hot in a bowl.

Mr. Updike very kindly came to the house and conferred with Bernon. They had many things in common. Captain Updike's father had come from Westphalia to England, and thence to New England. He was much interested in trade and religion. Now that trading with Indians was not possible he was full of projects for developing the country, and knew where the best timber could be procured for the proposed new ships. Bernon seemed to him, a person of vast capabilities. Together they might develop a good sized town.

"I would like to have a market for rosin and tar, and make nails," said Bernon. "If our natural resources could be used by England for her

navy, it would benefit both the Crown and her subjects here. With the vast wilderness behind us we could develop a trade in the products of the pine trees."

"I have some suitable land on the north shore of the Creek, that would be convenient for your dock, Mr. Bernon. There has been a good trade with Taunton, from which place they bring the lumber by floats. There is one there now, if you care to walk over. It might give you pleasure to see the shore hereabouts. We have wonderful shell fish here. In the near past the Indian Queen came to this small island you see before you, for her summer home."

They walked across the field and soon reached the place on the neck of land on the north shore of Wickford harbour, above the ford, where the meadow land sloped to the water. It seemed a very sheltered spot, and suitable for a shipyard, proposed by Bernon, so, after discussing the business part, which Updike made as favorable as possible, Bernon left the matter in his hands—and considered how best to finish his trip. Esther was so very tired from her journey of the day before, that Captain Updike kindly offered to send her back to Newport, on one of his own boats.

"I should like to continue on to Providence, if I thought you were safely home," said Bernon, "as there are many things to arrange, so that we may perhaps some day have a better house, than

at present. This is a most resourceful state. There is Harris, of Providence, whom I met recently. He owns lime rocks which are being worked. The lime can be carried to Blackstone River, just as my skins from New Oxford were, by canal boats. Also Stephen Dexter has lime kilns, which means good chimneys for our homes. I shall be back in two or three days. The sail will rest you, and you can tell Dr. Ayrault that I shall investigate the conditions at East Greenwich, on my way."

So Esther and her son were put on the rude float, and, with their horses, poled and rowed across to the shores of Portsmouth, where they found themselves about five miles from their own home.

"I wish your father would stay here in Newport more, my son! He will never succeed, with so many ideas!"

"You do not yet understand all that he has to do, my mother! He has told me how, everywhere he goes, he finds a sad and crying need. Perhaps in this place, the mother grieving that the little ones have no baptism. No holy communion for this person. No ordained minister to marry this fellow, or bury that one! He is greatly distressed over all that he finds. The people reading and interpreting the Bible in their own way, but with no well directed head to guide them. Did he ever tell you of the sad state of the Quaker woman, Herodias Gardiner? She was the mother of the

Mr. Gardiner we met yesterday. My father heard that when she was but a child of fourteen, she was married to a man named Hicks, at St. Faith's Chapel, under the old St. Paul's Church, London, before the Great Fire. Her husband, Hicks, then took her to New England, where she led the hardest sort of life for a young girl. After struggling through many perils, being badly treated and deserted by Hicks, who went to the Dutch at Long Island, she was married by Quaker law to George Gardiner, a famous poineer, who lived in Newport, with whom she lived for eighteen years and had several children. Gardiner became interested in a large tract of land in the Narragansett country towards the West shore. Robert Stanton went with him and they were gone so long a time, that Mrs. Gardiner was left in great need, and truly suffered with her children for want of food. John Porter, was moved to protect her and these young boys, and as rumors of Indians and massacres were in the air, and it was thought that George Gardiner had been killed, or died in the wilderness, his wife asked for a divorce, that she might accept the offer of Mr. Porter, for a home for herself and her children.

Many people considered Herodias Gardiner as an adventuress, but to my mind, she was a truly heroic woman, who stood out bravely, and suffered for her religion, for she was summoned to Boston for being a Quaker—given ten stripes on her naked

back, with a young girl named Stanton after walking sixty miles with her little baby to answer her summons. She is said to have prayed God to forgive her enemies as they whipped her. A woman who heard and saw all this, exclaimed that the spirit of the Lord must have been with her. Then, of course, she suffered scorn for being neglected by Gardiner."

"It must be dreadful to be without a minister, my son. Mon. Daille has been such a comfort to us, and to all his people in their trials. I think the Quakers would love him too, if they could understand him."



ESTHER'S ROSE JAR AND BIBLE
In Rhode Island Historical Society

Sketched by Anne Crawford Allen

Chapter XV

Tragedy of the Sea 1701

ONE day young Gabriel was about to set sail on Captain Tripp's ship for the Barbadoes. His bags and boxes were strapped and his mother stood wrapping a woolen muffler around his neck. It was very cold. A sharp northwest wind foretold a snow storm. Esther's heart was heavy. This bleak cold world! Only the glowing faith in her soul kept her strong. She kissed her son's forehead and cheeks. He clasped her in his strong young arms, then held her off and looked long into her eyes—so brave, so sad, so cheering for his voyage. How these last years had sweetened her dear face! Her hair was quite gray under the spotless white muslin cap.

"If I shouldn't come back, dear Mother, never think I am far away. I shall ask the good God to permit me to be your guardian and comrade. Adieu."

He alone knew her loneliness and heartaches while his father was away, although her children were with her.

She opened the door and as he went down the street toward the dock, she prayed that he might

soon reach his destination. The storm increased and soon after leaving the harbor, turned into a blizzard. He was hardly out of sight of land when the fury of the storm carried away the sails and swamped the ship. All were drowned. This news reached Esther the following night.

Marie Tourtellot and her sister Esther were resting from their household duties. Their mother had put her little girls, Jean and Sarah, to bed. The three women were seated before the blazing hearth fire, in their Newport home, before snuggling down into their warm deep feather beds. It seemed cruel to think of anyone out of doors. It was a relief to know that Gabriel had left before this intense cold had enveloped the Island. The mother's voice broke the silence. "I cannot shake off this feeling of bitter cold and the dread, Marie. I hope nothing has happened. I am so used to having your father and brother away that I shouldn't be fearful for them I know, but I had a sinking of the heart, when I said "Adieu" to your brother. A dreadful feeling that I should not again see his dear smiling face."

The conversation was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door.

"Who is it?" asked Marie.

"'Tis I, Dr. Ayrault, your old friend," replied a deep voice.

Marie flew to open the door, and the doctor came into the warmth and glow of the firelight.

He looked from one to the other and they thought that they had never seen their old friend look so kindly, and yet so weary.

"There has been a hard storm and great damage along the coast, they tell me," he began.

"Oh, Sir, you do not fear for Gabriel; you do not think anything dreadful has happened to Captain Tripp's schooner, do you?" beseechingly asked both women.

"There is a rumor that the ship was wrecked, dear ladies, in fact the masts and boxes are being brought in by the tide, and we are only hoping that Gabriel and Captain Tripp, and all the others on the vessel may be clinging to life yet! There have been boats searching for them for hours, but so far in vain. You must be brave. If it is the will of God that Gabriel go down to the sea for his last resting place, we must submit."

"My son, My son!" moaned Esther, with strained eyes, going to the little window, which faced the bay.

She looked up at the stars shining in the clear sky as though the winds of the day had polished them into bright brass buttons, and swept all the dust and mist away. On such a night, the souls of men can travel far through the heavenly spheres to the great throne of God.

This thought swept her about. "I must go down to the shores and see for myself," she cried. "I cannot endure to be here where it is warm and think

of my son freezing to death, perhaps this very moment."

"It would do you no good, Madame Bernon," spoke the Doctor, with firmness. "The men have a huge fire on the shore in case any of the crew can be saved. The sea is calm and no wind to-night. It is easy to see and the moon is lighting up the water. You would only exhaust yourself and you may be sure, if news of Gabriel comes, good or bad, it will be brought here, for my son is there with others, scanning the waves. I shall go back now and rest myself, for the cold is very exhausting."

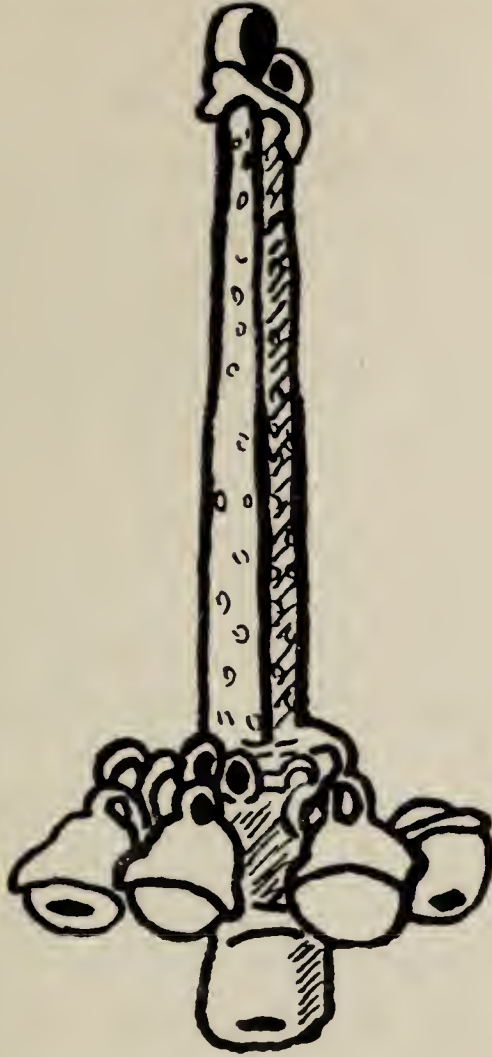
"How unkind of us, dear Dr. Ayrault, not to have offered you a hot drink after your exposure. Please let me fix you a hot toddy, right away. After you go I will see that my mother is comforted as best I can. This dreadful sea! It shall never take my little son!"

Little did she think then, that in later years it should claim both her dear husband, Abraham, and their son Gabriel in its great greedy jaws. But so it was to be.

Day by day brought no news of any survivors. So gradually the Bernons gave up all hope for young Gabriel. It is not strange that this was a dreadful blow to Esther. Very soon she found her only joy in reading her Bible, and in looking at the little things her son had loved. His little gold rattle with its tinkling gold bells was placed beside her, on the candle table. It recalled his babyhood

days, in La Rochelle. She was never to see her old home again.

Esther was the first to buy land of Captain Up-



BERNON'S GOLD RATTLE
In Rhode Island Historical Society

Sketched by Anne Crawford Allen

dyke, for the peaceful little harbour with the sloping shores and beautiful oak trees left a haunting picture in her memory, and in 1709, just before

she died, she purchased a small lot in Wickford, near Belleville, on the grand highway, for which she paid four pounds, current New England money, and she hoped to live there. Somehow the sight of the ships coming into Wickford harbour, reminded her of La Rochelle. So many boats, for everyone traveled by water, if possible, and the waterways were the highways, much more than the paths. Everyone had a boat or float of some kind. Rowing was universal, for were not even the huge galleons rowed by the prisoners chained to the galleys. When at last the sea shall give up its dead, perhaps we shall know more of the dark deeds connected with life on the waterways.

And so Newport, through the mist of 225 years, appears with the fogs of uncertainty behind her, with her fields and pastures covered with sheep and cattle, with the little low homes crouching around the sheltered harbour south of Coddington point, with wharfs, and ships, ships, ships, some going, some hoisting their sails with shouts from the throats of the first mates, and hot oaths, creaking of pulleys, smells of tar, and fish, and slaves, with dangers beyond the rocks of pirates, the French, the elements, with high faith in the hearts of men, and great patience in the hearts of the women, and industry everywhere.

Chapter XVI

Evening

BERNON was constantly occupied with his enterprises. Nine years after their son's death, his lovely Esther, who had shared his trials and borne with him these unsettled years in the New World, became ill and died. Her labor of love was over, but her principles and own noble character she left to her daughters.

She was buried on the top of the hill. To-day the poor little stone stands sentinel, beneath a solitary oak tree, in the old part of Newport Cemetery. Most rudely carved on the low slate, are the words—

Here lyeth ^e_y Body
of Ester ^e_y wife of
Gabrel Bernon wh^o
decest June ^e_y 14th
1710 in ^e_y 57th year
of her age—

No word of complaint has come down the ages. Those who own her as a foremother can, perhaps, in a small feeble voice try to sing her praises, and can truly be very grateful for her beautiful unsul-

lied memory. No one can limit her influence. It is like the beauty of the sunset upon the clouds and sea, after the sun has disappeared below the horizon. Everything in touch seems to be glorified; and so are all her children; and children's children; and children's, children's children, as far as we can see.

Afterward


After two years, in 1712, Bernon married Mary Harris, daughter of Thomas Harris and grand niece of William Harris, who came to Providence with Roger Williams. They lived in Wickford and later in Providence, near the Spring, which was deeded to the People of Providence, for the privilege of fetching water forever. His house is described as being built over the sidewalk, allowing the people to walk under its arches, (as the houses in La Rochelle were built.) They had three daughters, Suzanne and Mary, married to Joseph and Gideon Crawford, and Eve, who died unmarried; the son Gabriel died while a babe. The Crawfords lived in Providence. So there are no Bernons to carry on his name. But through the Tourtellots, Powells, Whipples and Crawfords many descendants are proud of their French ancestor, Gabriel Bernon. In 1724, when eighty years old he went again to England to arouse interest in establishing a Church of England in Providence. While there he was received at Court. Bernon died at the grand old age of 91. For his burning zeal, for the cause of good morals in each place where he lived, he may be called in all truth the first and greatest of our French Founders in Rhode Island. Though he only planted the seeds in Newport, Narragansett and Providence, perhaps it is granted that he may watch with joy the growth of his great Ideals.

These lines were written by Gabriel Bernon.

O Dieu Seul Rempli De Bonte
D'une Éternelle Vérite
Toujours infini en Tes faites
Que ta grace soit tous nos souhaits

Toujours propice a nos Desirs
Que ton amour soit nos plaisirs
Toujours de tes eleues present
Nos coeurs n'en peuvent etre absent.

Le Devoir nous embrasse des plus divines flames
Le Devoir est le clef du royame des cieux
Le Devoir nous soutient ranime nos âmes
Le Devoir est le fruit le plus délicieux.

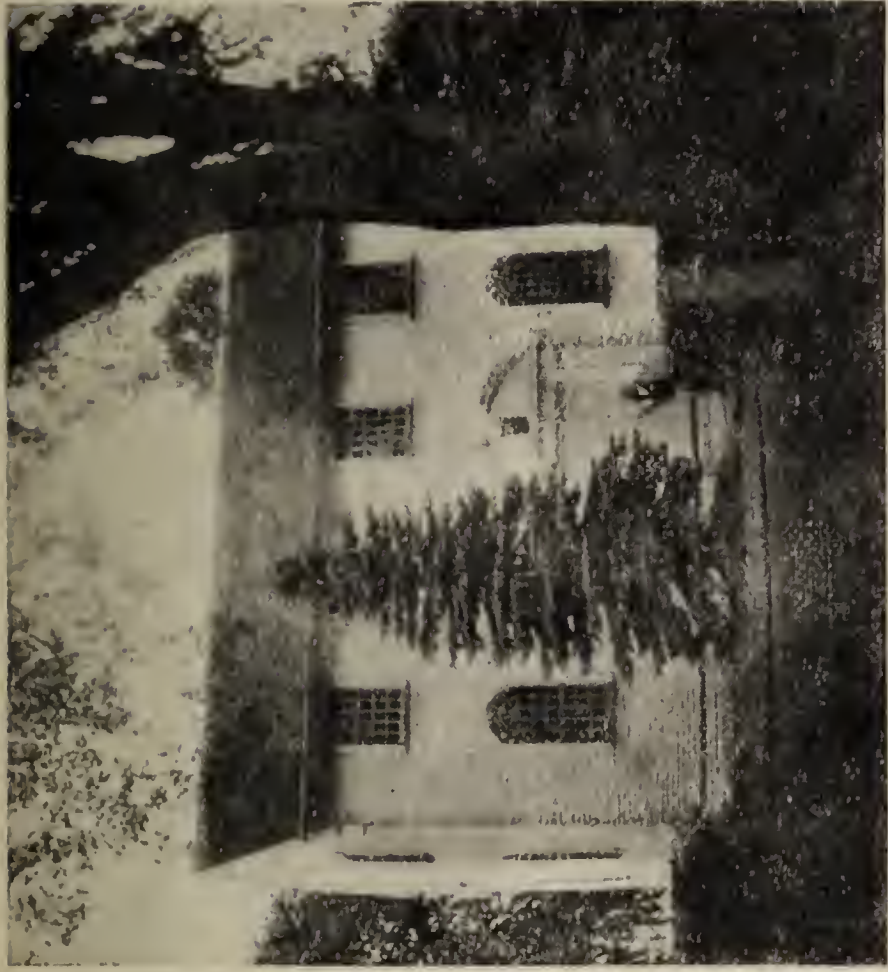


*Très humble et très Obeissant
serviteur et Père Refuge
Gabriel Bernon*

PHOTOSTAT OF SIGNATURES TO HIS LETTER TO THE
GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW YORK CHURCH



TRINITY SPIRE,
NEWPORT
Rebuilt



ST. PAUL'S, NARRAGANSETT
Moved to Wickford



ST. JOHN'S
CATHEDRAL
(King's Chapel,
Providence, rebuilt)

THREE CHURCHES IN RHODE ISLAND WHICH BERNON WORKED TO BRING INTO EXISTENCE

Notes

IT is my hope, in writing this little story, to interest you, who cannot take the time to go over the many records and sources from which these facts are gathered, in the remarkable breadth of life and varied experiences and thrills which this estimable French lady experienced. The names and dates of every person in the story are from records and historical books, even to the ferrymen, thanks to the Chapins. I have allowed myself to imagine the conversations, however, in order to make the persons appear alive as they most surely were living at the time and in the very places mentioned.

Nothing impressed me more than how far away we are living, these days, from the little group of walled dwellings in that lost Chagnouillet, between La Rochelle and Dompierre. One realizes what the word farm meant to see the enclosures so very firmly protected. Each little house and huge barn and grainary and pasture land walled in high and closed tightly—a *fermé*. The Mayor of Dompierre, to whom I was advised by the Mayor of Rochelle to go for records of our families, was gathering grain when I found him, a tall, handsome man. "There were no records in Dompierre. If any were saved from the Revolution they are at La Rochelle."

The Abbess of Saint Leonard who sent rent to the Bernons has long ago disappeared, as have the well tended vines. The Poussarderie seems to be a cement plant. Most of the farm houses are plaster with red roofs—and probably some income could be derived from that industry.

I have never heard of the son Jacobus or James Bernon, and suppose he must be the young Gabriel, named in compliment for James of England, and called Gabriel.

Just when I think my subject is completed and it is not possible to find anything more, I turn a page somewhere and some-

thing turns up to keep me at the subject. The latest is that there is a portrait of Gabriel Bernon. I have seen a lock of his hair—red gray and wiry! treasured with a fine damask linen napkin, over three feet square. His sword, his bureau, chair, table, rattle, psalm book; Esther's rose jar, bodkin; her daughter's "*Petit Point*" cradle chair, chocolate pot, silver porringer, mug, cream pitcher—all are owned by descendants in varied parts of our State, and very proudly and jealously guarded.

The Bernons are very real persons to me, and I hope to at least arouse your interest in them as the best known Huguenots here in Rhode Island. The French letters and records are in the Historical Society in Providence.

* * *

Baird's *Huguenots in America*, letters and manuscripts in Rhode Island Historical Society, carefully treasured by Rev. James Helm Carpenter and Mr. Zachariah Allen, La Rochelle Library, France, and the many cherished heirlooms from many proud descendants, have helped to make this story; as also trips to La Rochelle, Poitiers, the site of the lost settlement at New Oxford. The letters translated very literally from the old French give an idea of the width of contact this family knew. The later letters show that Bernon's zeal burned too hot for many who were his nearest and dearest, for he remained estranged from his brother, his friends, many of them, coming in contact with his growing and undying feeling against ecclesiastic imperialism.

Marie was living in Newport with her husband, Abraham Tourtellot. Esther married Adam Powel, but not till 1713, and Jeanne, in 1722, married William Coddington of Newport, and Sarah, the same year, married Benjamin Whipple.

* * *

Bernon wrote in his own last days: "I could have returned to my lands and titles and estates if I had been willing to submit to Tyranny." Never would he or his Esther forget the outrageous treatment given to their fellow religionist, Elie Neau, that

Christ-like person, after years of unspeakable horrors—in dungeons, chained to criminals while marching across France, chained to the galleys—who on his release was filled with the desire to bring the comfort of the Gospel to the colored and to the Indian slaves in New York City. They had seen him, the Saint, with hollow eyes, and snow white hair, but with muscles of steel, though bowed from his hard labor. There was no hardness or bitterness in him, only love for other sufferers. His letters to Gabriel had helped keep his own zeal alive. One day on his way there to see Lord Bellemont concerning these matters, he paused to watch some of these Huguenots who were building a stone house for the Mayor of New London. There were men of learning and position from France, but, because of their poverty, had used their brains to construct this home. Its substantial mode of structure looked as though time would have little effect on it. It is called the Huguenot House to this day.

NOTE A

The toll of victims of the Inquisition was: 10,220 buried alive; 97,321 punished with infamy and imprisonment.

In 1561, Charles IX of France remarked, "I agree to the scheme (massacre of St. Bartholomew) provided not one Huguenot be left in France to reproach me with the deed."

Under Louis XIV the number of Huguenots condemned to the galley can never be known; some served for seven years, chained to their seats! John Williams' name is No. 39,336!

Although these persecutions were nominally Religious, they were more, they were Political. In France the Italian influence was at work in person of Catherine de Medici, closely allied to the Pope, intolerant of the Spirit.

Soubize, who with his brother, the Duke of Rohan, the leader of the Huguenot faction, went to London and strongly solicited Charles I to embrace the protection of these distressed religionists. He represented that ambitious Cardinal Richelieu was still meditating the destruction of the Huguenots, "that the

reformed in France cast their eyes on Charles as the head of their faith." (*Humes' History of England*, Vol. II, Page 220.)

Charles I sent Buckingham with a fleet of 100 sails and army of 7,000 men for the invasion of France. Buckingham bent his course to Isle de Rhé, and sailed back again to England.

On his second venture, as he was about to leave England with his ships to aid La Rochelle, Buckingham was stabbed in the heart. La Rochelle was taken by the French and "levelled to the ground, so that the soil could be plowed with a plow like tilled land."

POITIERS

POITIERS—Ancient capital of Poitou—named from the Gallic Pictavi. In the 4th century St. Martin of Tours visited Poitier. Here in 732 Charles Martel defeated the Saracens who threatened to overrun Europe. It became an English possession when Eleanor of Aquitaine married Henry II of England. At this time the Cathedral was built—1162+. Louis VIII conquered Poitou about 1223. Louis IX (St. Louis) re-established unity and general legislation in France after 400 years of conflicts.

(It was at this time that Robert LeRoy was Mayor of Poitier—1279—. From early years the Mayors were in complete authority of their cities. The only title Charles Martel held was Mayor of the Palace.)

Later in 1356 Edward the Black Prince of England conquered Poitier from John II of France. Charles V regained Poitou for France. (Notes from *Encyclopedia Americana* on France and Poitier. Poitou also from Well's *Outline of History*.)

NOTE B

A Jacque LeRoy was the son of Francois and Marie Fogon. He was baptized 28 November, 1579. On 17 September, 1581, registered Protestant. Uncle of Francis LeRoy.

It might be interesting here to note that Sir Anthony Vandyk painted the portrait of a Jacque LeRoy. Vandyk left

Leyden in 1630 for Amsterdam. He was born 1607, died 1669. This Jacque LeRoy, from his looks, might be between 50 and 60, about the age of Francis' uncle. His son Jacques LeRoy was also President of the Chamber of Commerce. Born in Brussels 1633, d. 1719. Called Baron. Also historian.

NOTE C

January 10, 1930

Eli Neau's letter telling of his imprisonment in St. Malo, being chained with 150 criminals and walked from Brest to Marsailles, chained to the galleys, imprisoned in the pit in Marsailles, released by order of Rt. Hon. Earl of Portland, extraordinary Ambassador to France—when he left 370 other Protestants chained to the galleys and two in the Pit—this letter is in the British Museum (copied from Agneus, *Protestant Exiles in France*).

NOTE D

The Bernon-Tourtellot-Fanueil estate was in the location now bounded nearly by Bartlett Street to the east to Washington Street for its north line Roxbury.

Translation

OF DEED OF GIDEON FAURE AND MARIE BERNON
TO GABRIEL BERNON AND ESTHER LE ROY

IN presence of the Royal Notary at La Rochelle personally and jointly Sir Gideon Faure de Chiron and his wife Marie LeRoy, duly recognized as living in this city, from their free will one and the other and together sell and promise to renounce to their property and profits in behalf of Monsieur Gabriel Bernon Marchand and of his wife and proclaim them to be purchasing for themselves and their heirs an estate situated in the village of Chaignollet parish of Dompierre consisting in houses, buildings, court yards, gardens, cellars and other out houses, and of five districts, four of which being vineyards situated next to the Benole grounds in the province of Mau-

becq and the residue in trust of the Abbess des Chaumes falling to the said Lady LeRoy through the division done by Monsieur de la Poussarderye their father among Monsieur Bernon and his wife before me notary this sixth of March 1675. The said estates bring a return of a few cents; deniers and liras as well as the grapes from the vines to the Reverend Fathers living in this city.

And the estates of Maubecq and of the Abbess of Saint Leonard without anything else nor any arrears up to these writings.

Mr. and Mrs. Faure give up to, and transfer to Mr. Bernon and his wife the sum of six pounds of ground-rent due to both of them at the Feast of All Saints by Thomas Supet laborer on a land situated at Chaignollet which is rented to him by Mr. Faure through an agreement past before me, Notary, this November twenty six 1677. Also all arrears from this Holy Day to this day, so that Mr. and Mrs. Bernon may enjoy and dispose of it all, and cause the rent to be paid to them according to their wish as being their own property as have Mr. and Mrs. Faure done and would do without these writings in testimony whereof they surrender all in favor of the said Bernon and his wife and place them in their own rights, acts, licenses and mortgages and of all necessary deeds which charge them to disburse and pay the revenue, the present one, being of 500 pounds on one side, that Mr. and Mrs. Bernon, in presence of the Notary and witnesses, have paid to Mr. Faure and his wife, in gold, silver and ready money according to closing prices and are satisfied thereof.

And also for the sum of 30 pounds of ground rent to be redeemed at the convenience of the said purchasing party and of theirs; for the sum of 600 pounds that the purchasers personally and jointly will be obliged to vouch for and to cause to be paid in principal, arrears, costs and expenses to the said Mr. and Mrs. Faure at their home in this city, by each one whose term-limit will begin at the next Feast of Our Lady of March and will be due a year hence and will continue so until

redeeming time when the purchasers will pay the arrears, costs and expenses and will give out of their

to Mr. and Mrs. Faure in acknowledgment of their gratitude towards Mr. Bernon and his wife for having paid to them the sum of 30 pounds for a few pieces of furniture and some wood left on the premises.

And by these writings the parties have estimated the estates, houses, court yards and gardens of le Chaignollet at 650 pounds. The four districts of Maubecq at 240 pounds and the district of El Casseron, vineyards and Abbess at 90 pounds that which has been recognized and accepted between the parties obliging them to the up-keep without fail of all property, furniture and real estate at present and in the future without one interfering with the other otherwise they will be judged and condemned by me Notary.

Executed and ratified at La Rochelle in my study before twelve March 7th 1682. In the presence of Jean Beauchamps and Audré Crone, clerks and the following witnesses have signed their names on the register: Faure, Marye LeRoy, Gabriel Bernon, Esther LeRoy, Beauchamps, Crone and I Notary, etc., etc.

Biuron

To-day the above named purchasers have notified one another at the registrar's office of the estate of Maubecq of their purchases whose deed is executed this day and at

I the undersigned Sir of Chagnollet certify having received from Mr. Gabriel Bernon and his wife purchasers the revenues and honours of the estates they have purchased named in the present deed depending of the said Manor of Chaignollet and I free them without prejudice of any claims of these premises.

Executed at La Rochelle September 5th 1682.

GUYBERT DE CHAGNOLET

*Translated from manuscript in R. I. Historical Society by
Mlle. Blanche Parmentier*

TRANSLATED FROM LETTERS IN
RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

28 April, 1687

Contract for Transportation of Jacques Hibaude.

The 28 April, 1687, we, the undersigned, have made the following conventions which we promise equally to guard and keep at all cost: This is to know that we, Gabriel Bernon and Isaace Bertrand du Tuffeau, promise to pass with Catherine, his daughter, to New England, or Boston; and this meaning that the said Hibaude shall serve us as labourer and in other ways by his industry and also that his aforesaid mentioned daughter as she shall be able in her capacity during the time for two years entirely, commencing the day we arrive at that place, and for the encouragement of the said Hibaude we promise him each week one day to work for himself and to help him to plant what he can during the said days, the products of which shall be his entirely. We promise also to nourish him and his daughter during the time that he shall be in our service and to keep them in clothes and necessary things; and that the said Hibaude promises to return to us after his time is finished: all the weeks, one day during the same time, all that we have done and awaits in the seal and presence of the following witnesses, etc.

Mark of Jacques Hibaude

T. Bertrand du Tuffeau

Bernon's seal

Witnesses

Gaspard Pouiloup
4, Scotierre

One Hundred Eight

NOTE E

CERTIFICATE REGARDING PROPERTY AT NEW OXFORD

We, the undersigned, certify and attest that Mons. Gabriel Bernon has sustained considerable loss at New Oxford to make valuable the village and to encourage and help the inhabitants; and that he has held his house in estate until finally the savages, having come to massacre and kill John Johnson and his three children, and that not being sustained he has been obliged and forced to abandon his goods and faith for whom we have signed the present Bill at Boston, Sept. 1, 1696.

Witnesses:

Jacque Montier Baudouis.

Benja. Faneuil.

Mark of Paix Cazaneau

We attest that this is true

“ “ Abraham Sauvage

Mousset

“ “ the widow of Jean Jeanson

Entien

Jean Rawlings

Charle Jeanson

Antien

P. Chardong

Entien

We certify that these are the marks of these persons.

Daille (minister)

Jacques Montier

Baudou

Elie Dupeux

Barbut

Jean Maillet

André Sigourney (ay)

Jean Millet

We declare that these are true and that John Johnson and his three children were killed the 25 Aug. 1696, in faith we have signed.

Montes Dupeux

Marque of Jean Baudoin

Jacques Depont

Philip English

Germon

René Gugnion

NOTE F

Winthrop relates that M. La Tour arrived at Boston in 1643 with his wife and two woman attendants, two friars, and 140 persons. He came from La Rochelle. From that time on we hear of his conflicts with D'Aulnay, the Governor of Nova Scotia or L'Arcadie, which resulted in the death of M. de La Tour and the most unsettled conditions of affairs for the settlers under French rule and English rule for eighty years more.

NOTE G

Letter from G. Bernon to Bernon (father)

Boston, 29 December, 1696.

Sir and honored father:

I mailed to you in my last (which has been sent by Young Baut) that M. de la Tour was arrested in leaving Piscatagua, which caused us much embarrassment and loss. These people here have the injustices that their malice (and envie toward us) could suggest as you may see by the detail I am giving you, that you may know everything that has happened.

The day after your departure Mons. La Tour took passage on the sloop J. Bagworth. As soon as he arrived here he paid his salutation to Mr. Gov. Stoughton who gave him good welcome and asked where his ship was. He replied that it was at Piscatagua He advised him to leave it there if that would not prejudice, because the people were very jealous and envious of his negotiations; that he could finish his affairs all the same, and that he would serve him all he possibly could. Thus Mr. Usher and M. de la Tour being resolved to not make the ship, come here,—but only the *largaison*. I went to Piscatagua and took charge of the skins in a sloop for this place, and it was cleared at the customs at Piscatagua. When the sloop arrived here the Master made his declaration to the Bureau and had permission to place the skins on the ground we bought for Mr. Foxcroft, following which Mons. La Tour, having bought the merchandise, which was necessary,

we embarked in the sloop of one named Thomas Walters of Charleston, for Piscatagua, having taken a clearance of two customs for all that he had. The Governor & the consul being informed of it by Major Phillips who is "Bourgeois" of the same place, they annoyed me in searching & asking if it was true that I had embarked merchandise for Piscatagua, that M. de la Tour would take these & carry to Port Royal on his vessel. Having said to him, "Yes, it was true," they demanded of me if he had not tar, rosin, ropes, sails or ammunition. I said, "No, he had reserved a barrel of tar which was for the use of his vessel." They said that was very well. The same day Mr. Stoughton withdrew the passports that he had given the day before to three French prisoners to go to Piscatagua & to pass to Port Royal with Mr. de la Tour, in his shallop. Two or three days later Mr. de la Tour went to take leave of Mr. Stoughton who gave him still good welcome, saying to him that he had great respect for him & that he wished him a Good Voyage. Mr. de la Tour embarked for Piscatagua in the same sloop with his merchandize which were well booked for Piscatagua & payed Walters for the freight & his passage & entered his vessel for Port Royal or Cape Sable, having taken a clearing at the customs at Piscatagua for all that he had and the Governor Usher having given him his Passport, he put sail in company with the said Walter, who was said to go further along the East coast. He had not been a half hour under sail & still under the command of the fort when the said Walter who was quite near him brought to view armed men who placed themselves around M. de la Tour & by violence took him to York in the East, without showing either commission or anything of the sort, & from there, here, & having touched at Cape Anne on account of the wind being contrary. Mr. de la Tour went from there by land & as soon as possible to see the Governor & make his complaints & represented to him that the seizure was very rude & he begged him to return to him his vessel as soon as possible. The Governor told him that he could do nothing, that he could only speak to Walters about it, that he was very sorry that the thing had happened & that it was

certainly not by his order & as soon as Walters should arrive he would speak to him about it & find out the reason that he had done such a thing. Walters arrived the following day with the prize, and the Governor having spoken with him, said to Mr. de la Tour in reply, that he could only hope to get the things back by going to court—that Walters had several reasons. M. de la Tour said to him that he was sure that he had failed in nothing & being pressed to say to him why he held them, he had to search for the poorest reasons in the world, saying sometimes one thing & sometimes another, & that finally it was well for him that Walters had taken it, as he had another awaiting him whom he had done wrong. Walters had all the time full possession of the vessel, disposing of everything as he wished, seizing the equipage of Mr. de la Tour from the vessel against all customs, without even the Governor wishing to give the order. These things continued so three weeks or a month in awaiting the court of Charleston where Walters gave Information against Mr. de la Tour which was only the recitation of a law made by General Assembly, Aug. 1695, that an Act instituted to prevent the supplying of the enemy in Arcadia, by which it is forbidden to all persons of Port Royal & places adjacent to negotiate at Boston or other places in the Province of Massachusetts, nor any merchants or others to make commerce or negotiate in Arcadia, or to make transport of any merchandize without the permission of the Gouverneur under pain of confiscation of vessels & merchandize & 1000 pistoles of fine & that this Mr. de la Tour having evaded the law in negotiating several times from Port Royal, his vessel & cargo were good prize. That was the substance of the Information. I will have sent you a copy, but our advocate there is at Salem. We were at court to defend ourselves & we wish to make justice, they refused us our Papers, which Walters had taken & which could serve us, as the Passport & certificate of Sr. Wm. Phillips, the Passport of Mr. Stoughton & the Passport of Mr. Usher & the clearing of the Bureau. They would not grant us other jury than peasants. The judge of the court, Major Phillips, was of our side, a Bourgeois of the sloop, & who pleaded

against us, who did so much by his manner that the judges condemned the vessel & cargo as good Prize, without saying anything else except that the merchants had not been taken on the land at Piscatagua, but only disembarked from the sloop of Walters to the barque of M. de la Tour, which was a wicked pretext on their "piponerie." for Piscatagua & these were carried in the said place under the command of the fort and they had them acquitted then at the customs of Piscatagua for Port Royal. Thus it is all clear that the law has not been deceived, not having been negotiated from Boston or other port of the Province of Massachusetts Bay & Port Royal, etc., but solely to Piscatagua as things of entry from the Bureau in good faith. We have appealed to the high court but I do not believe that they will give us further justice. They show me more danger of compelling me to pay the 100 pistoles of indenture because among the papers they found on Mr. de la Tour is a "facture" of merchandise by 1/3 between John Usher, Gabriel Bernon and Charles de la Tour, the said facture (rest of this letter on Page 59, Chapter XI).

Peire to G. Bernon—Jan. 2, 1699, at La Rochelle.

Monsieur—

I received a short time ago the letter which you have done me the honor to write to me last May 31, which gave me real joy as it told me of your happy arrival in the midst of your lovely family, to whom I wish a thousand blessings, as to yourself Sir, to whom I can not testify enough in recognition of all the marks of friendship which you have shown to me—and hope that the passion of God will do us the grace of seeing you again in a way more consoling than that which I had the honor of having at Canne. I am, however that may be more at ease by report to us. I would wish with means so ardently, that we could have the honor of seeing you in this city and that the affairs could be disposed to make possible to undertake commerce with Cape Sable for the fish & other things that could be done by the same means. One must hope that the Future will be more favorable than the past. Things are soon to be on foot when there shall be no more

means of undertakings with danger—England which the treaty of commerce may not rule following all appearance. I shall be obliged to go to Canada this year from whence I shall have the honor of writing to you what there shall be to do, & as I have not been there this year & as the good of my business demands to make known of my News I pray you Sir as soon as this present is received to cause to depart two Savages, at whatever cost, the one for Montreal & the other for Quebec to the end that my letters may be rendered before the arrival of our vessels, This is of consequence to me to the end that the person to whom I write dispose those whom I have the custom of serving to await my arrival to that country shall not know until the last vessel which shall go from here. Do not neglect, if you please, this affair & do not mind a few Castors, more or less to get two good savages, On whose faithfulness you may depend that my letters may be surely delivered.

You will have the kindness to write to the persons to whom I address my letters & pay them what ever conveniences you & if you have made any advance for them, I will make it up to you by Arcadie or London as you shall wish.

You must instruct the Savages that you shall send that they let themselves go directly to the houses of the persons to whom my letters are addressed without telling from whence they come nor from which part (of the country) nor whom, nor what is the object of their journey but simply that they come from hunting—this is of the greatest consequence that all be done in secret. I am writing four letters on the same subject. I pray you despatch the first two you shall receive by two express, the one to Quebec, and the other to Montreal. And the two others by the first travelers which present themselves for the one of the two directions.

All the rest of your beautiful family which is in Town is in perfect health except Mme. André Bernon who has been very ill for two months and still is. I had the honor of seeing her yesterday. She charged me to give you her compliments. It has **not** been in her power or mine to send to Mr. Robert Miray the wine and pairs which you have spoken to me at Canne. Within

memory of man no one has seen such a blight on the fruits of the earth of all kinds—which is causing the famine. Mlle. Janetton your sister salutes you and prays you believe that your estrangement does not diminish in any way the love she always has for you. Mlle. your loving little sister pays you her compliments. I am, with much consideration as with respect Sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servant

Peire.

If by any chance there shall be other persons who shall write by the same travellers from your home, as it is of importance that my letters arrive the first, see to it that, I pray you, it is not permitted to those whom we send “express” to take any other letters than mine absolutely no matter what they offer.

R. S. V. P.

* * *

P. Chassaloup to Bernon

London, 4 April, 1699.

Sir & good friend:

I was awaiting to have the honor of writing to you by Mr. Depont. This naughty boy promised me that before his departure he would do me the friendliness to come to eat of my soup, so that we might drink with a good heart to your health; but to use an English proverb, “He was not as good as his word.” I gave to my Lord Duke your letter, which he received with much pleasure. He indicated that he wished to be of service to you. He was much affected by the accident that happened to you, and on my behalf I cannot tell you how sad I am about it. I hope many times & still that it may please God to recompense you for all this as his providence shall judge appropriate. I wish with all my heart that my blood & services could be of use to you in some ways. I assure you that I would employ them well with pleasure. My Lord has been defeated in favor of My Lord Carmarthen, his son, of the lands which he had in your quarters. He remarked that he would be pleased to be informed in truth of the value of

England, having taken Madame his wife to the Baths of which she has need, to establish her health. My Lord Gallway will soon leave his post, which he has held for more than three years, but this will only be at the return of the King who has gone to Holland, without naming his successor. For myself, I work to establish myself in this place where I have already brought all my family. It is still certain enough that I reassure myself there: but one must always wish what God wills. I have lost my mother a little over three months ago. She has completed a long life—by a sweet and a quiet death, and at the same time God has given me a little son by my second daughter—married to M. Jourdan, Minister. I have been in this place for several weeks, with my wife and oldest daughter to enjoy a slight rest during the beautiful days of the season. We kiss very humbly your hands—and I am always with a perfect sincerity,

Monsieu

Your very humble

Very obedient servant

Bouhereau

To Mr. Gabriel Bernon

Merchant of

Road Islan

“On the side of New England”

Passed on to London at the house of your very humble servant
Jn. Barbot, 28 Juillet, 1700.

* * *

Sanceau to G. Bernon, Feb. 7, 1701, at London

Sir and dear Brother:

I have received yours which has given me much joy to learn that you are presently in a new business. I wish all sorts of blessing and prosperity to you and your family with perfect health. I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind offer. I would be in estate of executor, the offer which you make me—to take the

part of going to you—which I cannot do, not being in a state to take such a long voyage on account of my age, and having no means, I have come out with nothing as you will have learned since God has afflicted me in the great losses I have had in the enterprises of the Island of St. Christopher. That has put me entirely out of condition to undertake anything else without Messieurs Monreau and Oliver and their wives, who do the best for me, the good God make it possible for them to do. As for my poor wife and daughter—who are still at La Rochelle and have been taken to the convents several times, and are shortly to come out with caution, and as I only left them a few things for a foundation, and some rent—and even that has failed—without offering a part to satisfy those to whom I should owe my estate at present where I am, which is very sad for me and languishing, since it is the will of God, one must have patience. The persecution continues always in France more than ever.

I should hope to be in condition to render you some service, and would do it gladly.

I wish you in this new century a good and happy year, filled. I extend the same wish to my sister, your wife, and to all your honorable family. I embrace you all. I am your very humble and affectionate servant, Sir, and very dear brother,

Sanceau

Monsieur Gabriel Bernon, Merchant
at Newport, on Rhode Island.

* * *

Elias Neau to G. Bernon

New York, 25 June 1701

To M. Gabriel Bernon

Sir:

I feel obliged to salute you today. The motive which carries me is the glory of God, and the welfare of the neighbor—I am persuaded that these two duties make the principal part of your occupations. You have given proof of it in abandoning your country, and in the sacrifice which you have made to God, of all

your goods, and that is why I do not fear to anger you in rendering you the praise which you merit, neither to give you reason to pity me, in furnishing you the means to procure by your pains the furtherance of the Kingdom of Christ. This is how, Sir, there is in England, Scotland and Ireland and in Holland a great number of illustrious persons of Quality and Piety who composed together a society, which distinguishes itself by its zeal and by its charity, and which is working with a glorious success for the reformation of the manners and for the propagation of the Knowledge of God. As you see by the printed matter I am sending you, this Sainted Society of which I have the honor to be known, (for I have seen several of the members in London,) has sent me books, printed matter to be distributed free in English and Welsh. I believe that I ought to make you the overture of the plan of this Society, since it has also indeed in particular object, the Quakers, to lead them from their error by the example of our piety and by the example of our piety and by the affability of our charity. I know that there are many denominations in Rhode Island, and that, thank God, you are capable of feeling the pulse of the conscience of several. This is what makes me believe, Sir, that you will not refuse to lend a hand to a cause so holy, in spreading these printed circulars among your neighbors, which I am sending you; and in case you have success, and if you will let me know, I will send you the books to distribute free, which will be a great help to the poor, and to the ignorant. But it is well to let you know, Sir, that our Society exists as much for the purity of the customs as for the doctrine, and that it will punish an example, the wicked one of the profession in order to give the fear to all those who embarque in this ship ought to leave all to follow constantly Jesus, their chief end and consummator of their Faith. There, Sir, is what I have believed you ought to say and if you wish indeed to employ yourself in this work, I will put your name on the list which I shall send to England with those from hereabout who shall work on their part for the Glory of God: The sole end of all this is the sanctification of our heart. I take the liberty of saluting Madame Bernon and all your

dear family. Mine, however, to you all as well as to Madame
Tourtellot, to whom we are as to you, with respect,

Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant

Elias Neau

* * *

Daille to G. Bernon, August 5, 1706.

At Boston, 5 Aug. 1706.

Sir and very dear friend:

I am surprised that you ask of me what your wife has reported that I have said to her; for I have said nothing at all to her advantage to your prejudice. On the contrary I made known to her, that she and our daughters should please you in going to see you as you wished. It is very true that having represented to me that if the youngest stayed a long time with you, they would lose their time and be a care to you. I found that she was reasonable; but meantime I insisted in declaring that the children ought to obey their parents. Never have I said, as you have indicated, that you had a bad temper and a strange man, and that she would do well to not go to Providence at all, and that I did not approve of you at all! I do not even remember letting her know that you wished to send me a horse to make the trip to Providence, because having come here I saw that it was not necessary that I should undertake it.

As I was given to understand after I had received your letter, that she should come here, I informed myself of it through some persons, to know the truth to the end that she should not find me in Providence when she should be here; and she arrived quite soon, after which I did not think more of this trip, and made mention of it to Madame, your wife. I gave her marked respect as always formerly, without taking account of her interests against us, nor of saying a single word to your disadvantage, since I have resolved to hurt no one by my words or otherwise, and on the contrary to serve those whom I am able and particularly who are one of my oldest and best friends and who I assure on all occa-

sions that I am truly, Sir, and very dear friend, your very humble and very obedient servant, Daille.

The French have also been defeated in Italy by Prince Eugene, who killed 1,500 of them, taken two batallions and wounded 700 men or taken prisoners. These gentlemen are in prison for having traded with the enemy, have presented a request to the general court to be judged there, which has been granted that is why they are not in life danger, only condemned to pay money.

We have had in advance the following news, at least in great part, and it has been confirmed two or three days ago. The French, having besieged Barcelone by sea and land, Admiral Leake has raised the siege in taking six battleships of the enemy and destroying all the others. The Admiral even, who was the Count of Thourlouse with 110 canons, has been and the said Count taken prisoner and sent to England. Le Duke of Berwick has been killed. The Count of Galway has made several fine exploits; (He was the Huguenot, at one time Lord of Ireland) he advanced to the center of the Castile kingdom, having taken several important towns, and he marched with 20,000 men to Madrid; it is thought that he is already arrived. The Duke of Marleborough has conquered the French at Flanders, having killed numbers of men, and taken 4,000 prisoners, amongst whom are the sons of Marshall Tallard, the nephew of the Duke of Luxemburg, and all their canons and equipment. God grant to bless the arms, more and more of our Queen and her Allies!

* * *

NOTE H

Sir Francis Nicholson, that far-famed soldier and colonizer, was himself the means of grace for them, for he was, with his faults, first and foremost for England, her sovereign and her established Church. From Nova Scotia to Virginia, he left his mark. Not being married, he was all the freer to be sent about, and no one man, certainly, was more moved than he. Being a Governor of New York from 1687 to 1690, then appointed

Governor of Virginia for two years, then for five years Governor of Maryland, placed in command of the English forces, sent to Canada in 1710, he won Nova Scotia back to England. He then was made Governor of Nova Scotia, in 1713. He was one of the original benefactors of King's Chapel, Boston, also of the church in Marblehead. He held authority from the Society for Propagation of Gospel, of which he was a member, for exercising general supervision. Later the Authorities in England made him Governor of Carolina. He was made a Knight in 1720, was rewarded with the title of Sir Francis Nicholson by his grateful Sovereign, and died in his own country, in London, in 1728.

* * *

Jean Papineau, René Grignon, and Baron, had a chamoisereé or wash leather manufactory at New Oxford, on the mill stream. They sold these skins to the French hatters and glovers, Lignas and Baudouin in Boston, and Julien in Newport.

* * *

The French had a settlement in Mississippi. At the bay of Biloxi a fort was erected eighty miles east of New Orleans. In 1700 the Chevalier de Lovity arrived with Canadian French from Illinois. About 400 miles above the fort at Biloxi they made a fort called Rosalie. Also in 1703 on the Yagoo River a fort, St. Peters. New Orleans was settled soon after. In 1728 the Natchez Indians massacred over 200 and took 500 prisoners, most of whom were later released.

EPITAPHS ON OLD STONES IN NEWPORT CEMETERY

All under the Oak Tree in old section.
First Stone, South End.

This Stone (from slattery pure) is in remembrance
of the Piety Vertue & good Conduct of Jane, Daughter
Gabriel Bernon & second wife of William Coddington
Esq. who was born May 15th 1696, Married Oct, 11
1722 & Died June 18th 1752.

Here lieth
entered the body
of Adam Powell
who died December
the 24, 1725 in
the 52nd year
of his age.

Here lies ye body
of Ester daughter
of Adam & Ester
Powell who died
July ye 4th 1716
aged 4 mon^{ths}.

Judith
daughter of
Daniel & Mare
Ayrault aged
2 yrs & 6 mo.
died March 1
171⁸/₉.

Here lyeth ^e_y Body
of Ester ^e_y wife of
Gabrel Bernon wh^o
decest June ^e_y 14th
1701 in ^e_y 57th year
of her age—

The following names are in the Patent of Denization which was recorded July 20, 1688, a few days after Gabriel Bernon's arrival, at his desire, by Thomas Dudley, clerk in Suffolk Registry of Deeds.

ALIX, Peter (clerk), Margaret his wife, and sons John, Peter and James; ARBUNOT, Philip; ARBUNDY, John; ASSELIN, James (clerk); ARNAUD, John, wife Susanne, Eleazars, Abraham, John and Jane, children; ANRY, James; ALLAIRE, Ludovic; AUBERTIN, Mary, Mary Anne; ASSAILY, Isaac, Abraham, Peter; ARDESSOIF, Charles, wife Jane, Peter, John and Jane, his children; BARBER, John, Peter and John Peter, sons; BARLERGIAN, James; BOYD, Paul, George; BELIN, Hosea, Hosea, his son; BREON, James; BUREAU, Anne, Elizabeth and Mary Anne, her daughters, BUREAU, Thomas, Anne, his wife; BOULANGIER, Gabriel, Peter; BONUM, Aanian; BILLOU, Peter; BOURNETT, Nicolas; BLONDEL, James Augustus; BIBAL, Mary; BOUSAC, Samuel; BRINCUMAU, Francis; BERNARD, John; BERNARDAU, John; BRUGINNER, James, John; BOUMETT, Isaac, Samuel, James and Benjamin, his sons; BLANCART, Frederick; BUSTIN, Mathew, Joseph; BERNON, Esther, Gabriel, Marie, Esther and James, children; BARBOT, James; BOURDETT, Peter, John; BARACHIN, Stephen, Ludovick; BEAULIEU, Isaac; BRUFFEAU, Samuel; BEAUFILS, John; BEAUCANGUET, David; BELLONGER, Theophil; BADNETT, Eleazar; BASSMENT, George (clerk), Mary, wife; BOYTOULT, Peter, wife Catherine, Catherine and Magdelene, children; BINETT, Abraham, Madelene, wife, Judith, daughter; BOY, John Peter; BOYDECHESNE, John; CHRISTIEN, Abraham, wife Mary, Martha and Magdalene, daughters; CHRISTIERN, Peter; COUDERT, Bernard, Benjamin and Jane, children; CHARLES, David; CONVERSE, Isaac, Anne, wife; COLON,

John, Anne, wife, Anton, John, Martha, Mary, children; COLLIVAUX, James, Jane, wife, Charlotte, daughter; CAZANBIETH, Arnold, Jane; CHEVALIER, Daniel, Susan, wife, Daniel and James, sons; CHOVAR, John Baptist; CHASQVEAU, Peter; COOKE, Samuel; CHAUVIN, Thomas, wife Charlott, children Thomas, Frances and Catherine; COUTRIS, John; CROCHON, James; CHEF D'HOTELL, Peter, Sarah and Sather; CARON, Peter; CHAFELON, Peter, CHARRON, Paul, wife Anne; CARMELO, Marquis; CHABOTT, George; DEBRISAC, Paul; DE LA COULERE, Samuel, Mary, wife, Judith and Margaret, daughters; DE CARJENNES, Jane, Peter and Jane, children; DE COUTRAY, Daniel, Magdelene, wife, son Daniel; DE PONT, Paul and Gabriel; DE DIORA, John; DE DOAVRAE, Abraham and Daniel; DE DOGNEL, Isaac; DOGNEL, Rachel, wife, Charles and Isaac, sons; DUVAL, Josiah; DAVAU, Peter, Desae, Frances, wife Mary, Raymond and Peter, sons; DA COSTA, John Mendez; DE LA HAY, John, Thomas, Charles, Moses, Adrian and Peter, sons; DOUBLET, John, wife Martha, David, James and Mary, children; DAUDE, Peter; DELAMER, Isaac; DECONNING, John, Catherine and Martha, daughters; DE MOUNTMAYOR, Isaac and Mary; DE LA PLACE, John, wife Louise; DE BEAULIEU, John; DE BORS, James, wife Mary; DE SIQUEVILLE, James Gideon (clerk); DE BUSSY, Henry leGay; DE LA LOE, Phillip (clerk); BUENO, Abraham; DUPLEX, Henry Abraham, wife Suzanna, James, Gideon, George and Susanne, children; GREDE, Peter, Francisco, Francis; DE LA FUGE, Mary, Catherine, Elizabeth, Magdelene, Mary, Margarite and Anne, children, DE POMMARA, Moses, wife Magdalene, Moses and Susan, children; DREILLIET, John; DECAZALIZ, John; DUMAS, Peter; DUGARD, Abraham, wife Elizabeth; DE WYCK, Gernard; DEL MAIGE, Samuel; EYME, Soloman; FELLES, Dyonisious; FENNULL, John, Andrew; FRAVIN, Arnaud, wife Anne, son Arnold; FLEURY, Rene; FOUNTAINE, Peter (clerk), wife Suzan, James, Ludonick, Benjamin, Anne, Susan, Esther, children; FARGEON, John; FARCY, Isaac; FLEURISSON, Peter; FALLETT, John; FRAIGNEAU, Andrew and John; FLEUREAU, Daniel; GUERIN, Francis, wife Madeleine,

Francis and Anne, children; GUERIN, Nicolas; GALLEY, Ludonic; GRANSTELL, Paul (clerk), Georges, Samuel; GRUNARD, Eleaza; GUICHERET, Henry; GALLAND, Ludonic, wife Rachel; GUICHERET, Joseph; GROTESTE, Claude (Clerk); GARON, James; GARINER, Isaac; GUILLON, William; GORSIN, Daniel; GURZELIER, John and Andrew; GOIZARD, Peter, Martell, James, Goulard; GONY, William; GRAVELOT, John, wife, Catherine; GELIEN, Mathew; HAMON, Isaac; HARACHE, John; HOBERT, John, wife Elizabeth, John, Samuel, Elizabeth and Marie, children; HARDOVIN, Marie and Susan; HERVIEN, Moses, wife Esther, John and Martha, children; HULIN, Antony; JULIEN, Antony, wife Jane, Anne, Susan, Mary and Esther, daughters; JOURDIN, Henry; IGON, Ludonic, wife Esther, Esther and Marie, daughters; JUSTELL, Charlott; JANSEN, Andrew; JULIOT, Anthony, Anthony and Abraham, children; JOUSSETT, James; JOLY, Marie; LAURAE, John; LAURENT, Anton, Chevreux, Simon Peter and Marie; LEHOND, James; LOVIS, James, Abraham, son; LEBOURGEOIS, Esais; LECONTE, Henri; LEPLAISTRIER, John and Robert; LEFRANK de Marieres Helen; LOMBARD, John (clerk), Francis, his wife, Daniel and Philip, sons; LEFEBRE, Daniel; LERNOULT, Adrian; LESAS, Peter; LEPLAISTRIER, John, Charlote, wife, Abraham and Jane, children; LECAM, Francis (clerk); LEBYTEUX, Gabriel; L'HOMMEDIEU, Benjamin; LEGOUDU, Samuel, Anne, wife, Madeleine, daughter; LESOMBRE, Francis; LEGOUDU, Michael, Anne his wife, Thomas, Mathew and John, sons; LONGLACHE, Jacob, Baruh, Conrad, John, Marie, wife, Marie and Martha, daughters; LESERIE, John Peter; MENDEZ, Ferdinand; METAYER, Samuel (clerk); MARTIN, Philip; METAYER, Susan, Ludonick, Samuel, Mary Anne and Rachael, daughters; MARIN, John (clerk), wife Elizabeth, Martha and Susan, daughters; MOREAU, Peter, wife, Peter, Samuel, Elizabeth, Mary Anne and Marie, children; MOREAU, Charles, wife Mary Anne, Daniel and Henrietta, children; MARCHAIS, Jonas, wife Judith, son Isaac; MINETT, Ambrose and Isaac; MONTELZ, Nicolas, wife Madeleine; MARION, Peter; MONNEREAU, Sol-

omon; MORETT, Judith and Francis; MONTELZ, Peter;
 MARCY, Michel, John, Peter and Isabelle, children; MIGNAU,
 Isaac; MARTIN, Peter; MOREAU, Peter and Marie; MAGNEL,
 Francis; MUSSARD, Daniel; MONTBALLIN DE LA SALLE, Peter;
 MOGRIN, Daniel, wife Margaret; MYRE, Robert; MONPETIT,
 James, wife Susan; MANNETT, Mary; MERCIER, Peter, wife
 Susan, Peter, James, Susan and Anne, children; MARCH,
 Lovice, son John; NOLLEAU, Abraham, Baruh, Henry, John;
 NEZERAN, Eleaza, wife Judith, Esther, Judith and Helen,
 children; PAGES, John, Soloman (clerk); PAYEN, Samuel,
 Phelips, Peter; PAPIN, John and Francis; PERIER, Ceron;
 PAIN, Peter, wife Margaret; PAPIN, David, wife Anne, David
 and Susan, children; PELISSON, Jacob; PERREAU, Adrian;
 PAUSIN, Senior, Pron, John; PRATT, Peter; PAGE, Abraham;
 PORTAILE, William, wife Margaret, William, Francis, Hector,
 Mary and Gabriel, children; PINNEAU, James; PAISABLE,
 James; PAILLETT, Daniel; PALOT, Moses, wife Martha; PELO-
 QUIN, Stephen; RODRIQUEZ, Alphonse; LAROCHE, John;
 REME, John and Peter; ROUSELL, James; RADISSON, Peter
 Esprit; RIVOULEAU, Stephen; ROY, Peter, wife Susan, Eleazar,
 John, Daniel and Susan, children; RAMONDON, Gabriel; RA-
 PILLARD, Paul; ROUNNE, Adam, wife Anne, Adam, James and
 Peter, children; RAME, Ludonico; RAY, Raymond; RENAUD,
 Abraham; ROUSSEAU, Anton, Elizabeth, Francis and Onufria,
 children; ROBERT, Francis; SASPORTES, Samuel; SANCEAU,
 Peter; SIGUM, Peter, and Son Peter; SENEGAL, Charles;
 SEVRIN, Stephen; SIMON, Matthew, wife Rachael, Matthew,
 son; SIEGLER, Alexander; SANZEAU, Francis, wife Francesca,
 Abraham, Daniel, Peter and James, children; SAULMIER,
 John; SAVARY, Matthew; SAVARY, Stephen, Luke and Mathew,
 sons; SOULART, Josua, Elizabeth, wife; SENAL, Paul; TONS-
 CHARD, Mary; THIBAUT, David; TERMAC, Margaret, Fran-
 cis and Anna, daughters; THIERRY, John; THAUVILL, Petter;
 TOURTELLOT, Abraham, James, Moses and John, children;
 THOMAS, John; TESTAS, Aron (clerk); TOUSANT, Peter; VAI-
 LABLE, Peter; URIGNEAU, Francis, wife Jane; VERNONS,

Mark; VAREILLES, Anton; VAN LEUTERAN, John; VERIGNI, Gabriel; VAN REGNAUD, Francis; VILLIANNE, David, Yvonett, Mary, Sanson, John and Mary, children; LERPUNERE, Mary; MONGIN, James; HENDE, Nicolas; DEBEAULIEU, Francis and Susanne, Henry and Henrietta, children.

Notice the frequent use of the names of the Apostles, Prophets and Patriarchs, Queen Esther and women in the New Testament.

Other names of interest to Rhode Islanders taken from *Protestant Emigrants from France*, Agnew.

Lists of those naturalized by Royal letters patent Westminster:

XII 20 March 22, James II, 1686—Charles Ayrault, Susan, wife, Susan, Mary, children; Stephen Ayrault, Mary, wife; Matthew Faure.

XIII 15 April 3, James II, 1687—Anthony Barron; Abraham Carre; Elias Dupuy; Stephen LeMoyne, Esther, wife, and Esther, daughter.

III 21 March 34, Charles II, 1682—Anthony LeRoy, Eliza, wife, John DuPus, brother-in-law.

IV 8 March 34, Charles II, 1682—Mary, wife of John Gilbert; James LeRiy, Catherine, wife, James and John, sons; John Lewis Le Jeune; Iliza, wife of Anthony LeRoy; Bartholomew Morin, Jeremy, Henry, Bartholomew and Susan, children; Peter Normand; James Normande; Anne, widow of Isaac Normande, Mary and Eliz., children.

V 8 March 34, Charles II, 1682—John Lewis, goldsmith.

VIII 18 Jan. 1683 Peter de La Coste; Stephen La Coste.

X 21 Jan. 1685—John Roy.

XV 21 March 1688—Louis Carree, Pergeante, wife; John Bouteiller.

XVI 10 Oct. 1688—Peter, Francesca, wife, Morin.

One Hundred Twenty-eight

XVII 31 Jan. 1st William and Mary, 1690—Elias Neau (Le Sieur was chief of a great family of Soutise, Saintonge.)

XX 15 April, Wm. and Mary, 1693—Peter DeLisle.

XXI 1696, 10 July—John LeMoyne; Peter David; Thomas Carre.

XXIII 9 Sept., 1698—Magdalin Morin; Elizabeth Marchand, Peter and Paul, her sons; James Roy; James Forrestier; Thomas Forrestier.

XXIV 11 March 1700—Josias Peter Goddard; Thomas Goddard; Anthony DuRoy; Peter Maurin; Paul Goddard, wife Elizabeth.

Taken from manuscript at Library in LaRochelle, France.

Photostat copy at R. I. Historical Society, Providence.

1279-91 ROBERT LEROY, Maire de Poitier en 1279-85-91

1482 ROGER LEROY, Maire de Poitiers, mêmes arms que précéd^t.

14— SEILLE LEROY, noblehomme. 1506- Comparait dans un acte de 1506. (M. S. de la bib^{que} de La Rochelle)

14— 1529 M^r. JACQUES LE ROY (proc^{an} de Maingueneau de 1510) coelu en 1529 (Bruneau)

1539-53 M^r. JACQUES LE ROY, S^r. de Piere, avocat et baille de Chagnolet, fils sans doute du preced^t. Etait pair en 1547. (l'ab. fholet) puis echevin comme officier de justice, il avait été exclu en 1549 du corps de ville. Il fut reinstetie en 1553. En 1598 il était nombre des membres du corps de ville envoyes vers Henri II. (A. Barbot). Il était marié à Senel Lemercier qui était veuve en 1556 (Gueraneau).

1559-65 M^r. ANTOIN LE ROY (Signataire), noblehomme et Sairye, prevot ou juge feudal conseiller au presidial (Baudouin reg. du presid^l.) figuè du nombre des coélus sur la matricule de

1558. En 1565 il etait celue des coélus qui avait obtenu le plus de voix mais Michel Guy fut continué en la mairie et il n'y eut pas cette année là de nouveau maire. (Boudouin).

1578-90 FRANCOIS LE ROY (Maitre) alias ROY. Marié à Marie Fangnon alias (reg. protest.).

1579 JACQUES, fils du Francois et Marie Fogon, bapt. la 28 Novembre 1579 (reg. protest.).

15— 1606 FRANCOIS, fils du preced^t, marié à Marie Gratel (reg. protest,) procureur.

1585 DAVID, fils du preced^t, bapt. 10 Juillet 1585 (reg. protest.), avocat, en 1618 marié à Edith Thomas, mort en 1688, (reg. protest.).

1611-175- FRANCOIS, freré aîné (de David, Estienne, Gaspard, fils de David), Sr. de la Poussaderie parmi le vieul, Greffier du presidial (reg. protest^t.) marié à Esther Mocquay (id.), décédé le 25 fevrier 1675 à l'âge de 64 ans. ESTHER, marié à Gabriel Bernon. Marie marié à Gideon Fauré 1617. Gaspard, fils de David et Eliz. Thomas, marié à Marie Sanceau, 26 Avril 1648 (reg. protest^t.) Pierre et Amatheur.

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PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON WHITE

No. 87.

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PRINTED AT PROVIDENCE BY THE
PRESS OF E. A. JOHNSON COMPANY

